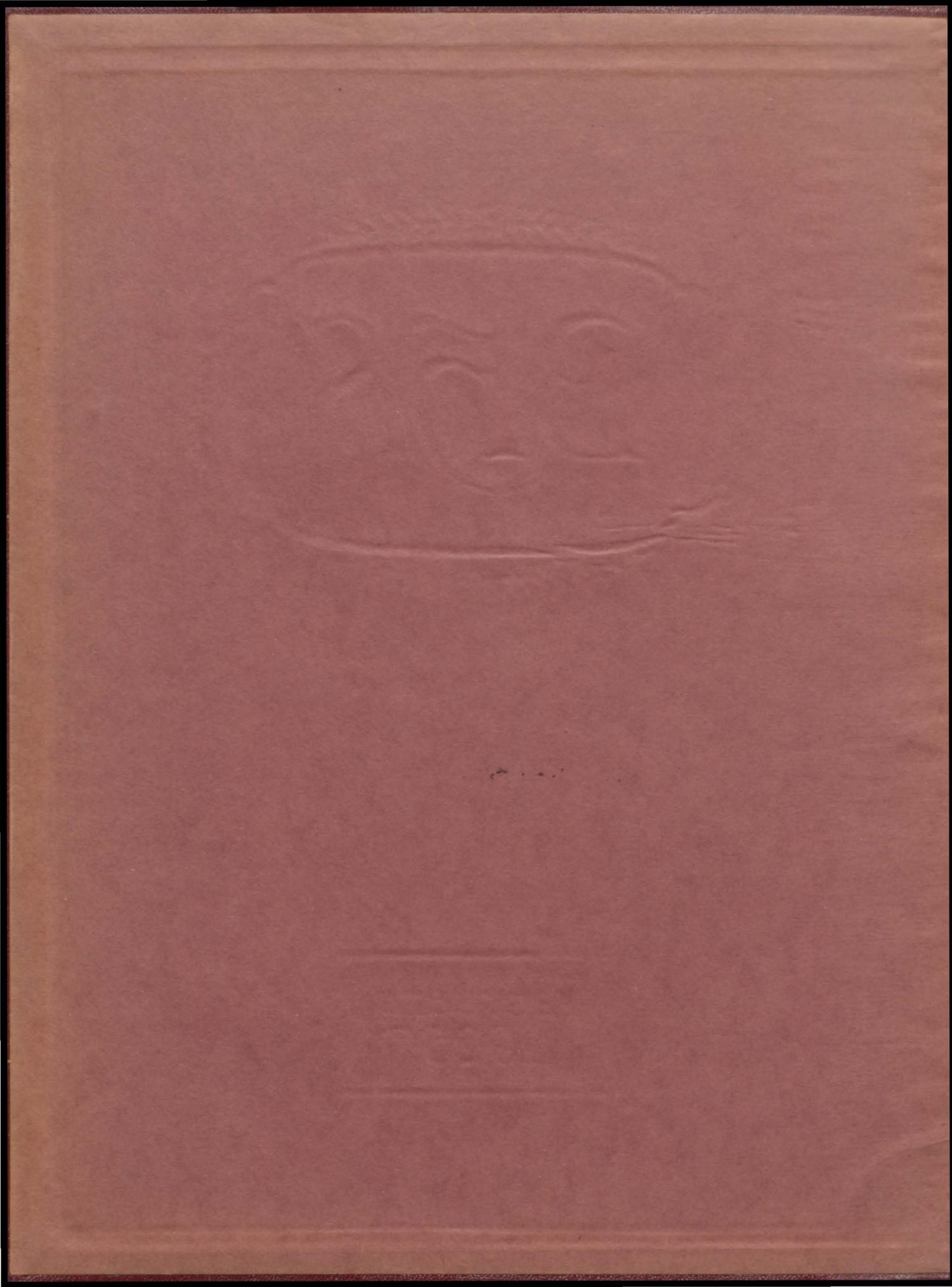
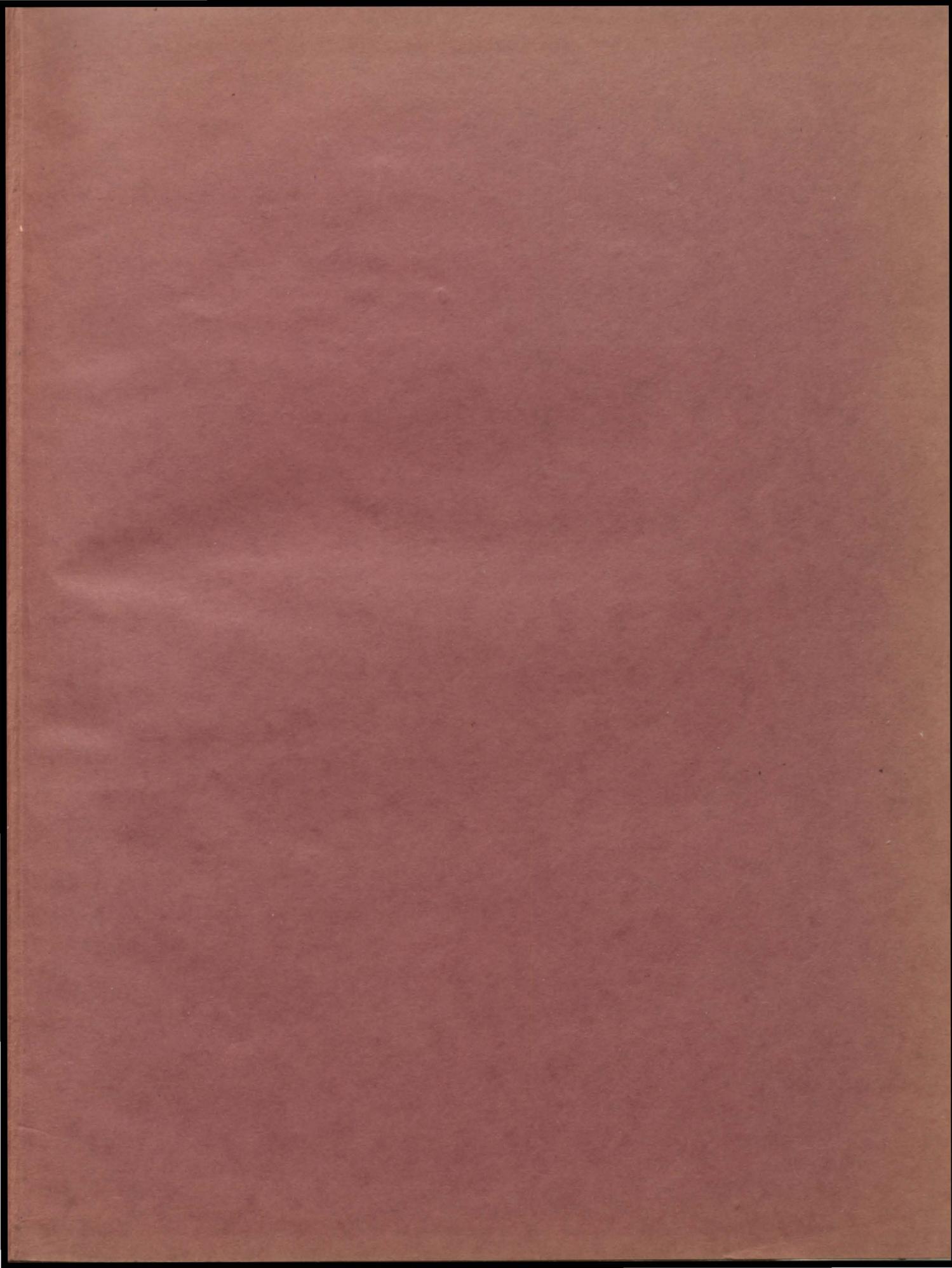
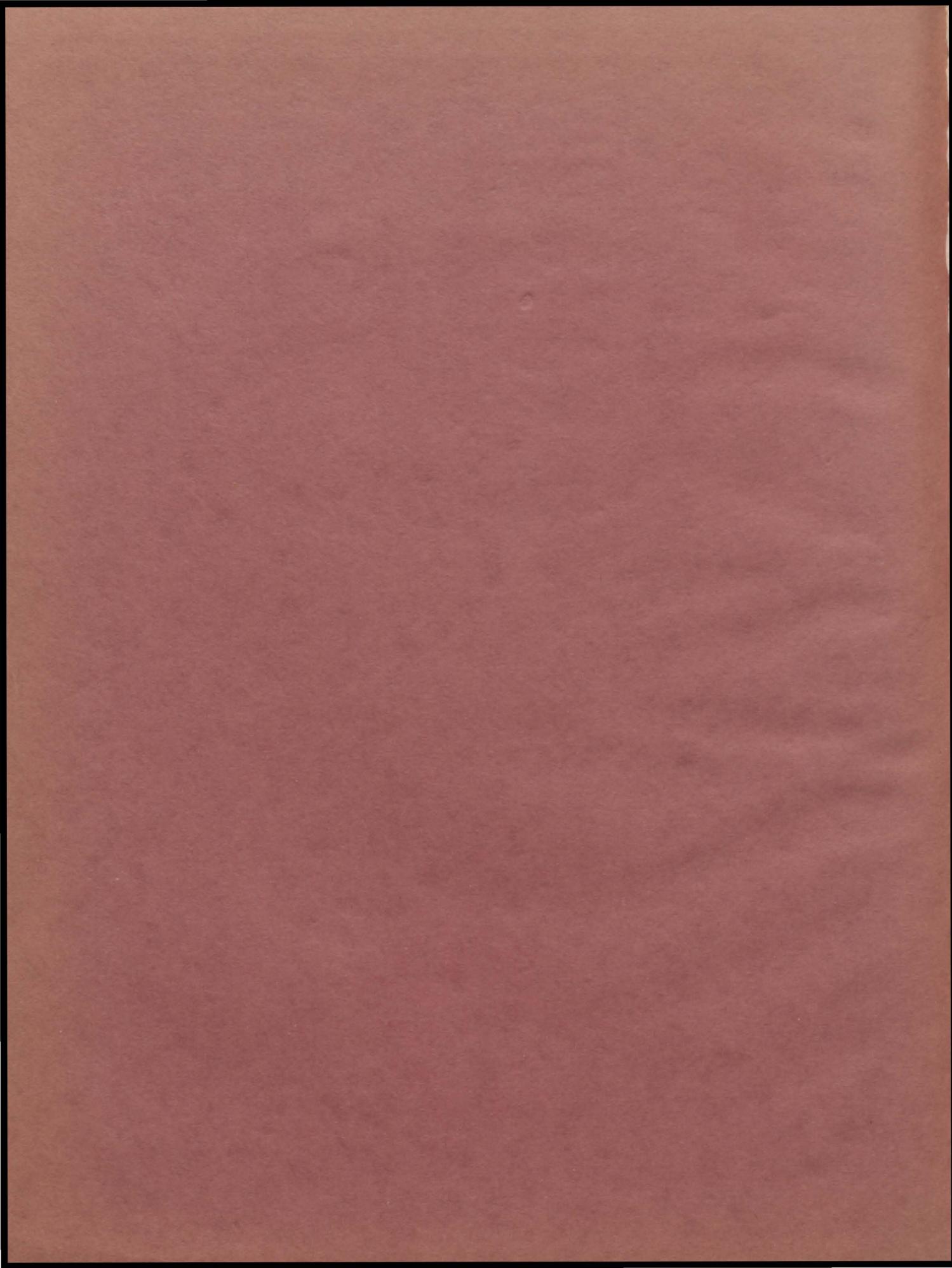




*February
1925*

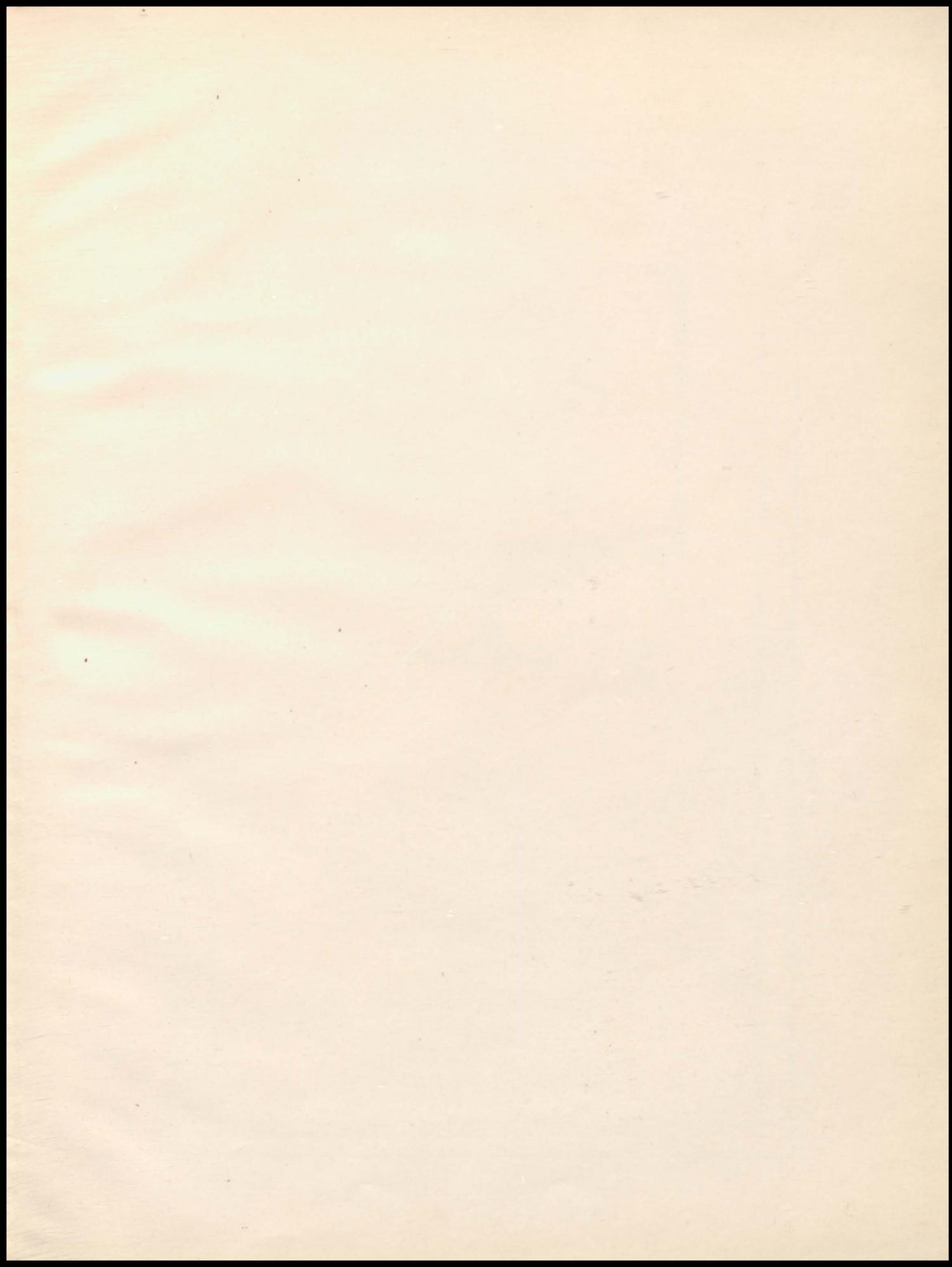


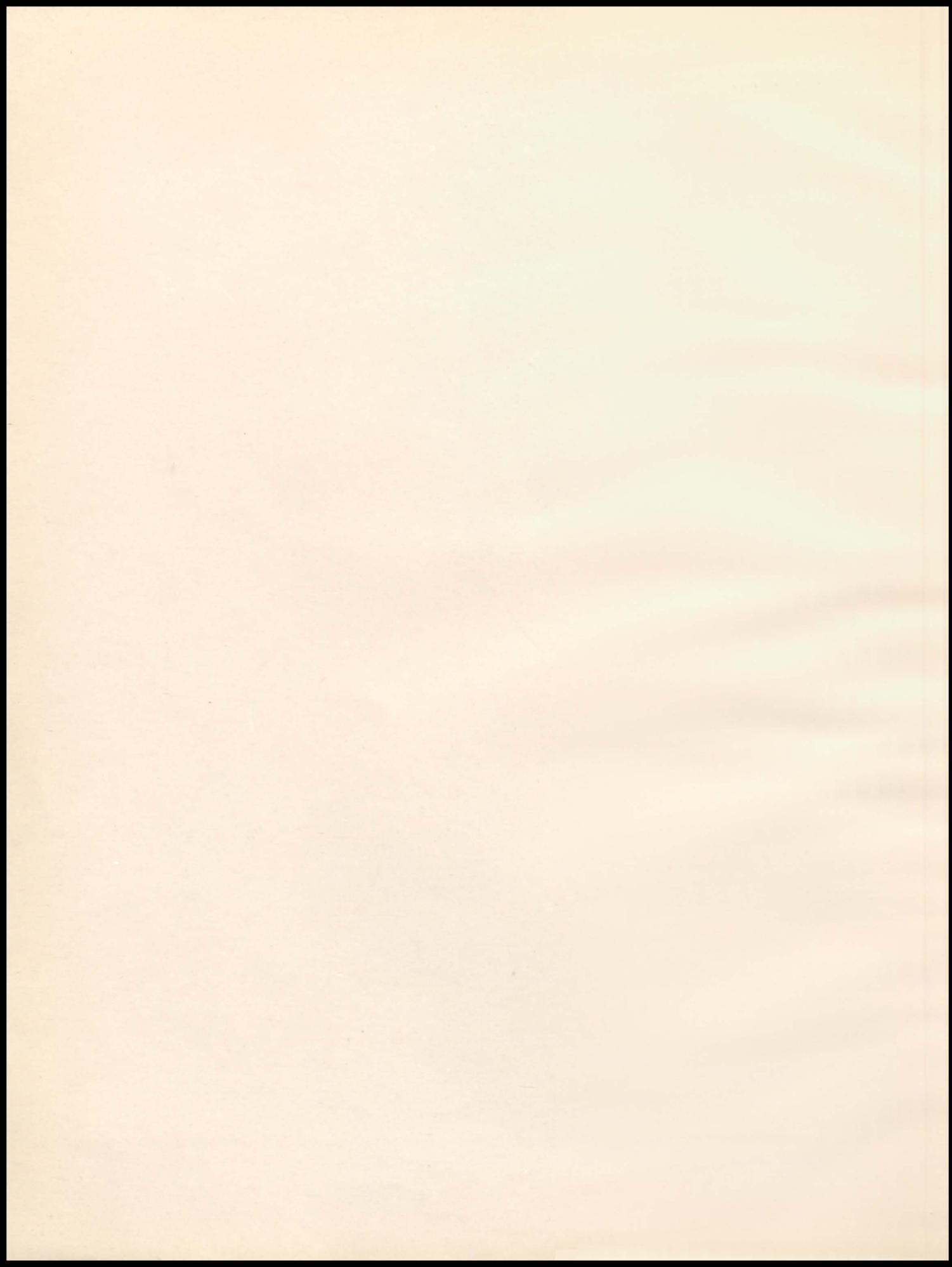












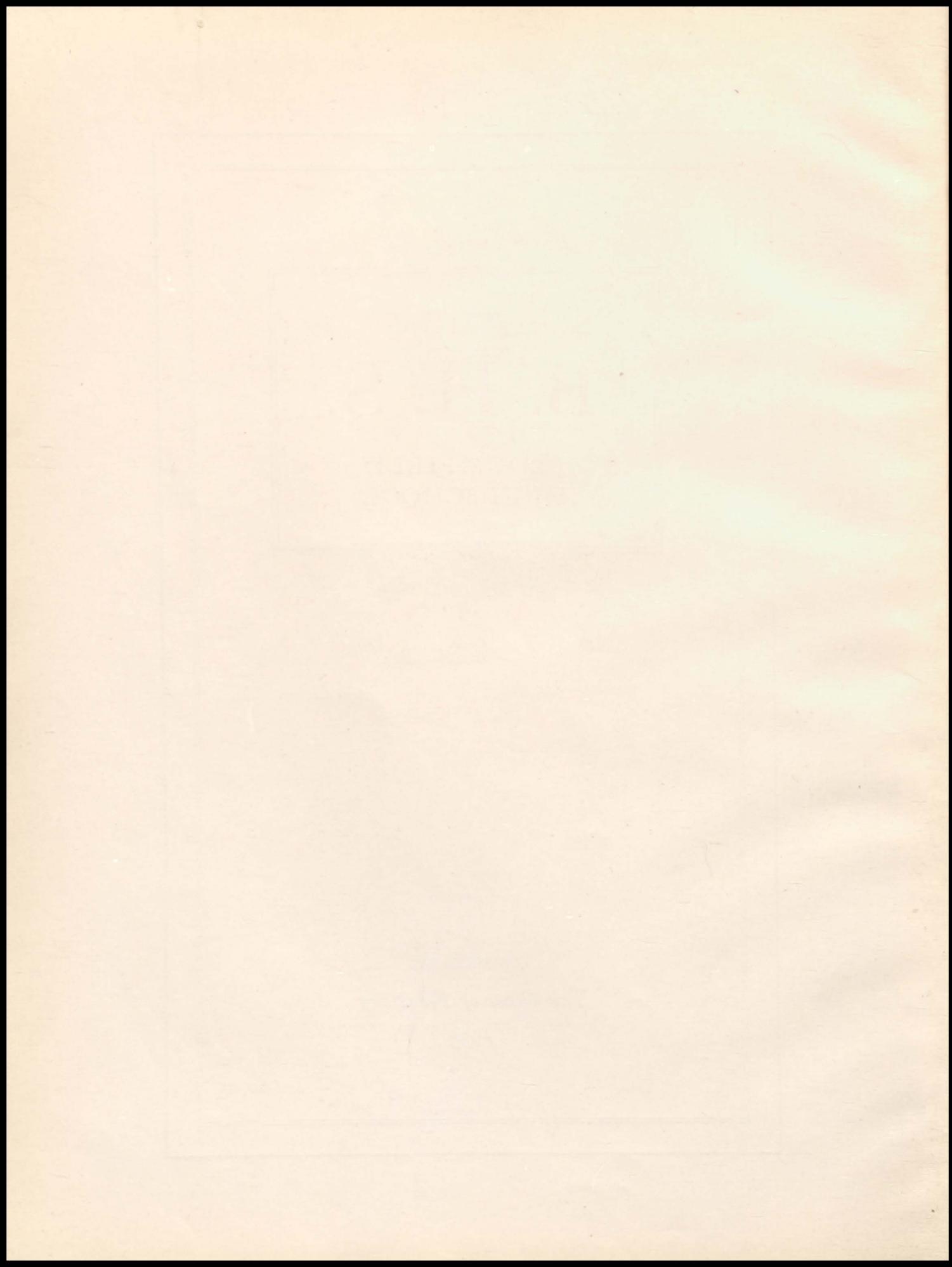
THE
B. H. S.

BLOOMFIELD
HIGH SCHOOL



PUBLISHED BY

The Class of February
1925



Dedication

¶

Our hearts are much like treasure-chests
Where secretly are hidden
The memories that fleeting years
Have left each one, unhidden.

We dedicate this little book
To make fond thoughts unending
To memory's immortality—
The Past with Present blending.

Prologue

IN this, our Year Book, we have faithfully attempted to give a true portrayal of our activities at Bloomfield High School. We feel that these pages cannot fail to convey to every heart that spirit with which our high school life abounds — that same spirit which alike arouses the student body to its highest endeavors, and inspires it to stand up and so lustily shout "Cheer for Old Bloomfield." v v v v

Order of Book

1925

2

Faculty

Class 1925

Classes

Organizations

Dramatics

Athletics

Feature



H.R.Kocher



C.L. Ross



M.C.Fay



E.J.Lawrence



O.R.Smylie



J.T.Decker



E.S.Slover



R.E.Decker



R.J.Miller



F.L.Andersons



O.M.Schmitz



O.J.Walrath



S.E.Babell



M.Fraatz



D.O.Koenig



R.W.Rounkle



A.P.Thomas



A.G.Klein

Faculty



A. F. Weidner



Ned Wells



S. E. Smith



E. Schubert



J. P. Haunton



W. R. Johnson



C. E. Brauffler



S. Morris



V. B. Saifford



H. G. Thorpe



A. C. Salisbury



J. DeKart



V. H. Cady



A. C. Gearhardt



A. D. Crosby

BHS



Annual Board

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IDA RAISBECK	Associate Editor
ANGELYN BURROWS	Associate Editor
WILBUR SCHREIBER.....	Associate Editor
HORACE MEEKER.....	Art Editor
SAMUEL PIERSON	Advertising Manager
DAVID HILOWITZ	Business Manager

Class Roll

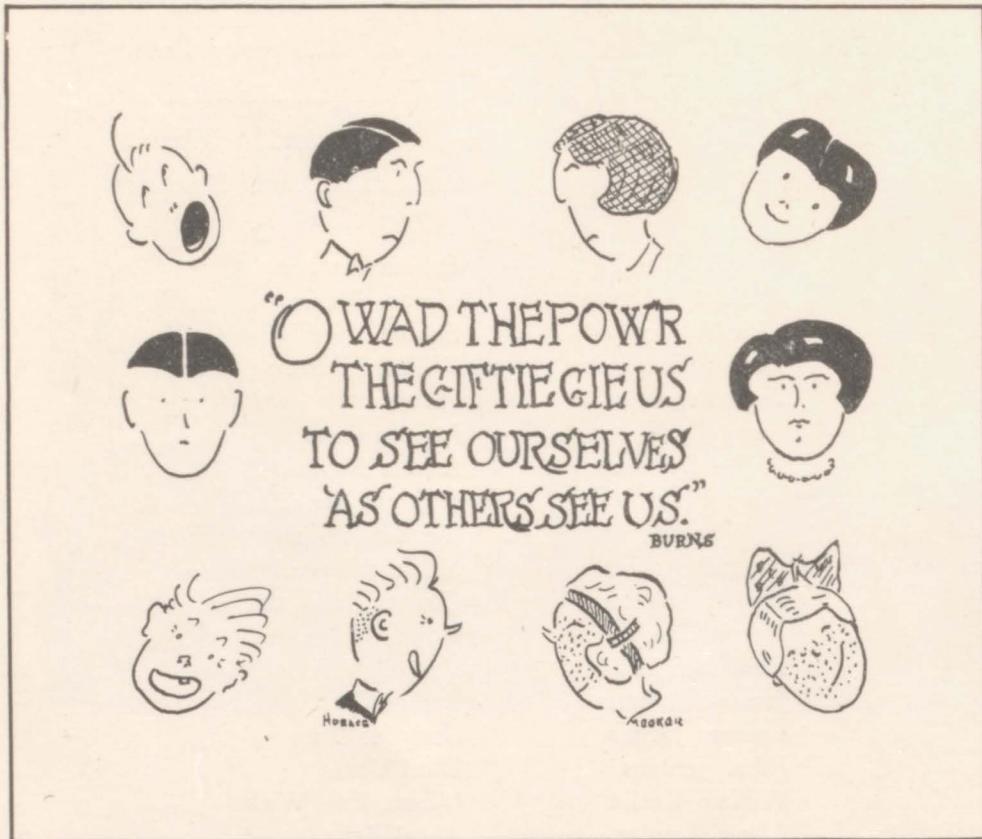
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Archie Wykes	

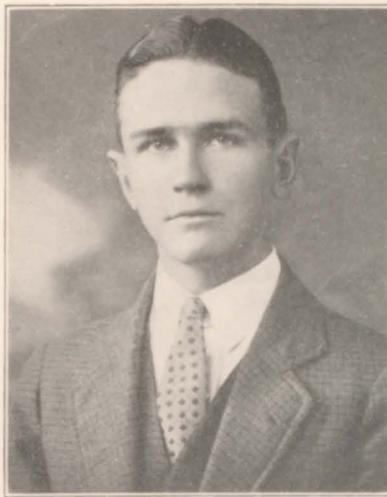


Honor Pupils

Horace Meeker	
Ida Raisbeck	Frieda Abend
Francis Jaeger	Angelyn Burrows



So that we may realize our humorous natures and may not take ourselves too seriously, the following is dedicated to the respective members of the class.



ROBERT BLUNT
"Bob"

"Let me have audience for a word or two."



EDITH DYAL
"Ede"

*"As she looked in the mirror she had to confess
That the end of her nose was a shining
success."*



All aboard—first stop Rutgers. Here we go—frat pin, ability, 'n everything. Bob's two aims in life are to go to Rutgers and to have everybody view the shining button tacked upon his coat lapel—hence the mention of it here. And, as the able president of the class he rises up before his audience of Senior A's and calmly flashing his pin in their faces to dazzle their eyes, claims instant attention for the word or two he must speak in behalf of the interest of the class.

A great part of the success of the play "Smilin' Through" was due to Bob's talented portrayal of the irate uncle and to his ability for salesmanship which was witnessed by his sale of one hundred tickets. Oh, yes! and he can advertise the *Independent Press* in a more competent manner than he can sell tickets. We aren't exaggerating, either.

"Powder! Powder! Who's got some powder?" This healthy, ruddy-cheeked young lady often bewails the fact that her facial protuberance needs dusting. We haven't noticed that the light is any brighter than the rays reflected from our own noses, but then—every other girl in the class is too well occupied in applying her own powder to observe *Ede's* shiny nose.

Ede's extreme frankness of speech would commonly precede that she counsels us in matters of personal interest, when she deems it necessary—and she *usually* deems it necessary. Quite frequently she wields her rod of sensibility over us by proffering her advice. However, realizing that Ede is good-natured and a friend to everyone in the class, we consider the source from whence such counsel comes and use it or forget it as the spirit moves us.



DAVID HILOWITZ
"Davy"

"Wit, like money, bears an extra value when it is rung down immediately it is wanted."



Ladies and gentlemen—we take pleasure in introducing to you the Money-Man, Davy Hilowitz, who can squeeze six cents out of a nickel. Without him, the business affairs of our Annual and money-matters of the class would not have been conducted so meritoriously and without his valuable instruction we would never have discovered the photographer who snapped these pictures. Because of this last fact, we're all going to give him something—after he graduates. We want him to graduate.

Davy's wit is like a ball of mercury—you can't put your finger on it without it bubbles up some place else in the form of delicate slams and apropos remarks. It is impossible to anticipate his comments and hence we don't try to. We have found 'tis best to relish his latest wise-cracks before he springs another.



ANGELYN BURROWS
"Ange"

*Tell me, where is fancy bred,
In the heart or in the head?*



This gracefully gliding specimen of the piscatory clan is our far famed Ange, whom you behold in the act of swallowing it (jokes and wisecracks) hook, line, sinker, and all. Ange vies with the little fishes in more than one pursuit, for reports have it that she's a perfect shark at what a fish does best—swimming. We owe Ange thanks for many a side-ache; she, forgetting that discretion is the better part of valor, often disports herself by doing as she jolly well pleases in class, much to our amusement and delight. Ange is our star athlete, which probably accounts for her prolonged juggling of jokes before they finally sink into the hidden recesses of her cranium.

As to the caption which you see above—that speaks for itself. To Ange goes more than a good share of the credit for the making of this book whose every page, practically, shows some result of her efforts.



IDA RAISBECK
"Ide"

*"This sweet young miss has taking ways—
She keeps our fountain-pens for days."*



WILLIAM PORZER
"Bill"

*Bethold young Lochinvar—the ladies call
him sweet!*



Before you, kind reader, is the pride and hope of the Senior A class. We're proud of her—and perhaps a little envious, because she can spend one-half hour upon all her homework and bluff the teachers into believing she has squandered two hours, but we harbor hopes as to her reputation, for she frequently elopes with—our respective fountain-pens and returns them apologetically the next morning—or the week after.

Ide offers many contributions to the clever remarks and relevant slams (wow!) which whir back and forth among the Seniors. Often the knocks vibrate so threateningly that only Ide and two other competitors remain upon the scene of contention.

Ide has much ability both literary (witness this Annual) and otherwise (meaning her portrayal of Mary Clare in our play) and we have to admit she can haul in the marks.

A bright blue sweater, a pair of grey knickers, a natty bow tie—and we view the hero of our Senior play and the Editor of our Annual rolled into one. Oh, yes, and he parts his hair in the middle! We ask you, what could be sweeter? Vocally speaking, we must admit that Bill is a little noisy, but he livens up our classes with his attempts at comedy and anyway, variety's the spice of life.

Joking aside, Bill has enough class spirit to spread liberally among five other people and still have enough for his own particular application. He has been a zealous supporter of everything our class has essayed and has effected much toward the success of this book.

P. S.—But the other day, our William made his appearance looking like gay Lothario with his hair parted on the side. Having traveled through an Erie tunnel in a car which had all the windows open, the line of division of his hair had moved.





HORACE MEEKER
"Horse"

*Such youth, such innocence,
Great attractions for feminine wiles.*



WILBUR SCHREIBER
"Wilbur"

*This meek and bashful boy will soon be taught
To be as bold and forward as he ought.*



Each morning a gentle breeze starting in Glen Ridge and heading toward Bloomfield, wafts Horse toward B. H. S. Each morning, however, he manages to land on both feet, and the jolt probably accounts for his settled appearance. It's a good thing he is more calm and contented than most artists, or else we wouldn't have such fine drawings in this book. (The art-work is good, don't you think? So are the write-ups. We did them.) And Horse made the cutest Willie Ainley in our Senior Play!—mustache, tuck 'n all the trimmings.

P. S. We forgot to mention, Horse, that it takes you to do most of the calculations in our chem experiments, and your partners requested us to tender their sincere thanks.



Allow us to introduce to you, Wilbur, who likes to work and is very obliging—two things which most people aren't. He typewrites—typed everything in this book, and as he doesn't say much but thinks lots, we like him. Wilbur has a perfectly marvelous laugh—not an uproarious one, but one that comes in little chuckles from way down in his engine room and sounds not unlike terrible inward growlings that indicate insufficient lubrication. In other words, Wilbur, you need more "erl."

By way of winding this matter up, do typewrite yourself a long letter of thanks from us for your work on this book.



FRIEDA ABEND
"Frieda"

*"Quickly her fingers wander o'er
The jiggling keys of the typewriter floor."*



Frieda uses her brain so much that her hair curls in beautiful ringlets. (Take heed, girls, beauty hints!) Perhaps in spite of the attraction for waving tresses most girls would not do what Frieda does to acquire them. Each day at 1:40, we see an enormous pile of books trailing out the door of Room 105 with a little girl struggling beneath them. It is not a maiden in distress, boys, but Frieda with her homework. What perplexes her fellow-students is this: We all wonder how she can always keep smiling and have a cheery word for everyone when we know that the night before she burned the candle to its very end while toiling o'er her books.



SAMUEL PIERSON
"Sam"

*There is some ill a-brewing toward my rest
For I did dream of money bags to-night.*



Above you behold Rah Rah Pierson, the man who has plenty of money.* Millionaire Sam is manager of the football team, and his pockets bulge out with banknotes and currency of all sorts—mostly pennies. And yet, as we always have said, money isn't everything; we are forced to extend utmost sympathies to Sam, for he's the man who must collect the money for the "ads" in this book. Poor Sam!—he's more to be pitied than censured so we offer him, mixed in with our best wishes, many thanks for the noble work he has done in getting advertisements.

* NOTE: We're not speaking of personal wealth.



MICHAEL ADUBATO
"Mike"

*"As true a lover
As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow."*



ELSIE ANTHONY
"Elsie"

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords!"



"—with seven Mikes on the end. Come on boys!"

Hail to one of our football stars—this lumbering youth to whom we credit fifty per cent. of our class athletic record. We are unaware whether it is because he is guileless and good-natured or because of the way he rolls his eyes or combs his hair that Mike has attained such popularity among his classmates. But we *do* know that because Mike broke his nose and maimed his leg while defending B. H. S.'s honor in the football ranks, the school owes him a doctor's bill which will never be paid.

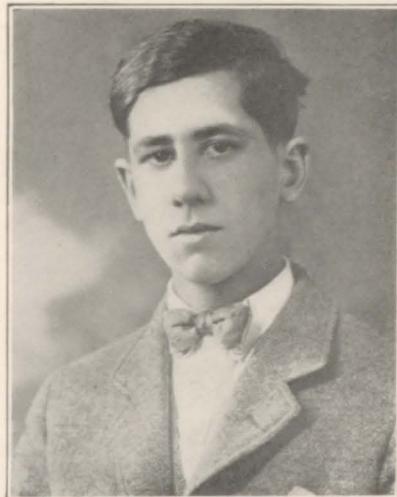
He can stand kidding too. Oh, say Mike—er—who *was* that girl you were talking to in the hall yesterday?

If poets and philosophers are correct in saying that most comfort is derived from a peaceful existence, we would venture to surmise that Elsie is extremely happy. We foresee her as the prospective stenographer of some flourishing business manager and we prophecy that, being uncommunicative, she will please him because she is different from the proverbial woman. Should we glance farther into the future we might—but we will say no more than that she will please him for otherwise we might tell more of her fortune than she wishes. Permit us to add, however, that the flourishing business manager might have been a De Molay boy in his youth.



BEATRICE BENNETT
"Bee"

*"A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles by human kindness bred!"*



FORD BOGART
"Flivver"

*"The flash of his keen black eyes
Fore-running the thunder."*



If Bee's place in 105 is vacant until 8:15, we know that she has taken time to curl her straight, brown locks. According to our expectations she waltzes into English class at 8:30 with a smiling countenance and waving tresses. We're on to *your* actions, Bee. It takes you twenty minutes to curl your hair—fess up, now, doesn't it?

Nevertheless, when we are burdened by wearisome tasks, it is Bee who smilingly translates our Latin or lends us beakers and who offers her help in fifty other different ways. Not even under the most irritating circumstances have we known her to utter a cross word or to remark about some annoying individual. She does everything smilingly and willingly and therefore, we prophesy a great future for her. Anybody who can be kind to *us*—

Look at this benign countenance and ask us not why we can't find anything wrong with Flivver. Why it would be impossible for even the Salvation Army to find anything bad in him. Perhaps the cause of our lacking to discover any faults might be attributed to the fact that he is not talkative. However, his silence is due rather to the famous adage "Think twice before you speak once" than to the emptiness of his cranium. He never voices his opinions yet we cannot help but realize that more knowledge lies below his passive exterior than we have had opportunity to know. (Let us here mention that Flivver's marks in Math are astounding.)

The Annual Board, having just received more material for the Annual, wishes to add as an afterthought that Flivver has quite an aptitude for writing poetry.



PAUL FARRO
"Pepper"

*"O Cedar Grove I dote on thee!
I sing with exhortation
Of thy stacks of hay, thy mooing cows,
And means of transportation!"*



ALMA BOWSER
"Alma"

"Tell the truth and shame the devil."



Here is another foreigner who is proud of his native land. Nevertheless, he is justified for Cedar Grove is truly worthy of his sentiments.

Possibly Pepper might need an introduction because his is a quiet and unobtrusive nature. There are two exceptions: He's quiet *when* he has not been sufficiently aroused to expound upon the marvels of Cedar Grove and *when* he is not cheering lustily from the grandstand for Mike. The High School is deeply in debt to Pepper. To explain ourselves: B. H. S. owes many football victories to Mike's prowess and Mike is encouraged to win by Pepper's cheers, so—to refer to a much-worn geometrical expression—things equal to the same thing are equal to each other.

For amazing frankness we refer you to Alma. She will tell you truthfully whether your tie is crooked or your powder is smudged correctly, or, better still—whether you are good-looking or otherwise. Often, we are either exceedingly complimented or disgusted to hear Alma's comment upon our respective countenances. However, it's all in a life-time. This quality Alma has will be most adaptable to the life-position she is aiming for—that of a trained nurse. She will frankly tell her patients if they have a fatal disease or merely measles or whether they are to live—or die.

All sorts of people make a world and hence Alma is truly a part of the Overbrookian atmosphere of Room 105.





ARLINE DODSON
"Arline"

*"Maiden! with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!"*



MORRIS GOLDSTEIN
"Mush"

*The merchant to secure his treasure
Conveys it in a borrowed coach.*



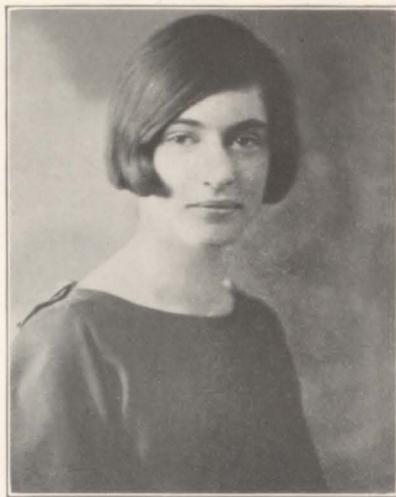
If we should wax poetic, we would say that gazing into Arline's eyes—careful, don't fall in—would be like looking into dark, deep wells fringed with moss and shadowed by tall trees. But to return from the clouds to school-life, we would remark that the aforementioned eyes are the only means we have of knowing what Arline thinks, for she refuses to express herself in any other fashion. Hence—the little we have gleaned about her personal characteristics and habits is that she dislikes studying, is fond of pretty clothes (we would here mention that she has a different dress for every day in the month) and is fine company if you like to roll the conversation ball.

If you name it you can have it. Aha! We thought you'd guess wrong! No, it's not what you think it is; it's Mush (pronounced almost, but not quite, M-o-o-sh) who drives around in a contraption something like the one you see above. Mush wears such an eternal smile that we take particular pains in calling your attention to the accompanying photo, showing what he really looks like. All those in favor of retaining the smile please signify in the usual manner—contrary, no. The ayes have it unanimously, Mush, so you, like the good skate you are, will continue to go about disguised with the smile, as formerly.



JOSEPH GREEN
"Joe"

*"Don't put too fine a point to your wit for
fear it should get blunted."*



JANET ELLOR
"Jeanette"

*"I had a thing to say—but I will fit it with
some better time."*



Joe has the latest Parisian-grin which, when accompanied by a series of foolish remarks, helps to illuminate the dark atmosphere of French class. It isn't good taste for one to laugh at one's own jokes—but then we are only envious of such obvious enjoyment and it is evident we would rather observe Joe's extensive smile in preference to the contents of our French books.

We are not meaning to insinuate that he is *always* smiling. One could not ask for a more serious gentleman than Joe, when he was helping to pull the curtains or operate the lights in our play. However he was doing something *useful* and Joe has a propensity for doing useful things.

It is apparent that Janet *could* speak often if she wanted to, but we are under the impression that she deems the present time unworthy of her expressed thoughts. When she *does* articulate, her words are slowly and carefully formed as though each syllable had been prudently meditated upon before it was permitted to pass her lips. However, we have known her to become quite animated in her speech when interesting discussions of kittens or ministers' sons claim her consideration.

NOTE: We, the Senior Class, wish to express sincerest gratitude to Janet for the many times she has helped to satiate our respective appetites during lunch-hour.



EUNICE GARVIN
"Eunice"

"Among them but not of them."



We have selected the above caption for Eunice insomuch as she is quiet and aloof and seemingly desires to walk to and from school alone. She is among us and yet, probably because she makes herself inconspicuous by her silence, we never realize she is present. In spite of her apartness she is an enthusiastic supporter of our class duties—witness our "Nut" performance in assembly.

Reports have it that Eunice is an adept at artistry, that she is interested in Biology—having a large collection of flowers and plants—and harbors an insistent mania for crossword puzzles. This last mentioned is not singular for it seems that others have been bitten by the same bug, however, not to the extent of wasting all lunch periods in this fashion.



FRED HAIGHT
"Fred"

*"Good sense which only is the gift of heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the
seven."*



Fred, as Senior member of the now famous firm of Haight Brothers, has made quite a splurge in the waters of B. H. S. by assuming the Presidency of the School Bank and sensibly conducting his position, at that. We can even forgive him for hailing from the place he does (s-s-sh Glen Ridge!) and would be willing to recommend him without reservations were it not for the disgusting habit he used to have of playing ball with gentle maidens at lunch-time.

However, as Fred has been known to acquire some touchdowns to his credit and has ably assisted us in every undertaking, we consider him a valuable asset to the class.



JAMES HAMPTON
"Jimmie"

"Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man."



FRANCES JAEGER
"Frances"

*"Perseverance gains its mead
And patience wins the race."*



Perceivest thou yon gentleman with the ministerial mien and specs? It is the honorable James Hampton, actor, student, and musician, whom a favorable wind has blown to us from the whereabouts of Staten Island. Without a doubt it *was* a favorable wind for Jimmie certainly has helped us, being a member of the B. H. S. band and having assumed with admirable zeal the part of the pacificatory old doctor in the Senior Play.

You should view him at the ball-games arrayed in his symphony suit and tooting upon his horn. He cuts quite a picture! We must admit that Jimmie is accomplished—not all of us can toot upon a horn and hit the correct note.

Some people know their lessons *all* the time and *all* the people *some* of the time but not *all* the people *all* the time. (Quite so!) Frances is a relic—the one individual who knows her lessons *all* the time. She never has the need to bluff, she always does her homework and is always ready to help one of her class mates who "was sick and couldn't study." Quite frequently there is an eleventh hour rush of the Vergil class around Frances's desk but, in spite of the nerve-wracking process of repeating the lesson over and over again, Frances still retains her patience and her placid demeanor. She will require both of these admirable characteristics when she becomes a teacher.



ETHEL JENKINS
"Ethel"

"Make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out the casement; shut that and it will fly with the smoke out the chimney."



WILLIAM KERLIN
"Bill"

*"Yes, cigarette, I love thee well,
In learned doctor's spite;
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel
And lap me in delight."*



"Comb your hair—it needs it!" "you ought to get a hair cut," "your stocking has a hole in the heel," are some of the personal remarks with which Ethel daily greets us. At first, we were piqued at being counseled thusly; however, we realize that such utterances—along with the annoying habit she has of devouring other people's lunches—are but a part of her complex nature and we take them for granted.

Another convenient characteristic of Ethel's is the evident ease with which she assumes an angelic expression when she is caught talking or passing a note. Naturally—she slides out of punishments. Teachers can't berate a pupil who has a sweet, saintly aspect. For two cents we could pinch her, as we sidle from the room to the lower regions (the office).



Nothing like a good smoke, is there Bill? Never mind—perhaps if we had had positions as Stage Managers behind the scenes, we would have considered a cigarette (pardon us—a pack of cigarettes) fine respite from our rigorous labors. As Stage Manager, Electrical Operator, Curtain-Puller and First Man at the wedding, Bill certainly twinkled in "Smilin' Through"—even though he did have numerous arguments with Mr. Crosby as to whether Mooneyen needed the pink olivets or the blue moon.

Bill adores an argument or an oration. If, by chance, you should have peered into one of our class meetings and should have spied a tall curly-haired gentleman wildly gesticulating and pounding the desk, you would have known him to be Bill Kerlin, orating upon some subject of vital interest to the class.



ALBERT LENDER
"AI"

He looks down on other mortals.



SABINA MACHER
"Sabina"

*Beauty, like wit, to judge should be shown;
Both most are valued where they best are
known.*



After some meditation we have decided that the above quotation needs a little explanation. (Pardon our aptitude for poetry—it crops out all over.) We mean that our noble Albert looks down upon us other poor mortals because of his great height, not because he has any over-estimation of his worth in comparison to ours. Far from it, for Al keeps his accomplishments dark secrets and is unusually modest. We wouldn't even know he was leader of the band if we didn't see him in the act of leading it, nor realize that he plays the piano in the orchestra, if we didn't see him upon the platform.

One suggestion "Al," we'd love to see you cut some new figures with your baton.

Sabina is someone we don't see as much as we would like; we have vague reports that her ancestral mansion is in Newark, so the great distance from B. H. S. may account for our failure to see much of her. On second thoughts, she probably does come to school 'most always, only she makes so little noise that we never notice that she's around. Esther and Sabina always follow each other up; they complement each other so to speak—Sabina being relatively tall, and Esther small, and Sabina being comparatively quiet, and Esther noisy. Rumors of Sabina's frequent presence at receptions and what not seem well grounded; we merely wish we were present to see her in her glory—we see so little of her here in school.



HELEN POST
"Helen"

For I am nothing if not critical.



WRIGHT LIND
"Lindie"

"Behold the Wright who is always wrong!"



The profile you see above belongs to Helen, who, with the help of much courage and ability is getting out in three and a half years. Ordinarily this would be our cue to state that we didn't know Helen very well because of her short stay among us, but we cannot tell a lie (just look at these write-ups!) so we'll say that Helen has made herself *quite* well known. As the heroine of our Senior Play, Helen plucked many laurels, and she has helped us out otherwise by painting posters for us when we needed them, giving us chance to snooze while she recites in P.D., and amusing us with her stories.

And we saw Helen bringing in the milk one morning on her way home from a date—O-o-h! What a terrible girl!

Who was always conspicuous by his absence at Senior Play practice? Lind! Who never failed to forget some duty that he as property manager had to perform? Lind! Who—but we'll question no more for we realize that Lindie blunders not of his own free will but of some innate peculiarity which we might term as dreaminess. Gaze into his eyes, girls, and just try to tear your glance away from those sleepy depths!

Never mind, Lindie, we like slow dreamy chaps of your caliber and we'll hand it to you that you surely played the part of the Goat in our production better than any of us could possibly do and you didn't lose your temper either. You are truly an acquisition to the class.



CHARLES SCHOONMAKER
"Charlie"

*Thou art the slumber of the mind
Untroubled, calm, and quiet.*



We hadn't intended making this a bargain sale, so pardon our calling your attention to Schoonmaker, one of our many remnants left over from 1924. He's a nice sort of chap, quiet and a' that, although he *will* talk in English class—and really, he's one of the biggest bargains we've ever yet offered. How this mild gentleman always manages to be two or three dozen experiments ahead of every one else in chem is beyond us, but we deeply envy him.

For a good view of Charlie just come into the assembly some time, where you'll see him sawing away melodiously and sleepily on his fiddle.



LUCILLE REYNOLDS
"Lucille"

*How she loves its gentle murmur,
How she loves its constant flow,
How she loves to wind her tongue up,
How she loves to let it go.*

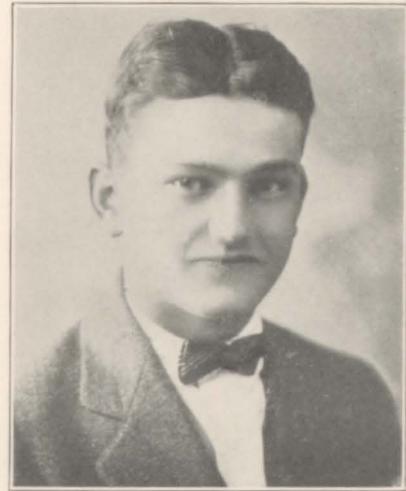


"Life is one demned horrid giggle" to Lucille: she thinks everything is funny, even us, so you can easily perceive how optimistic she is. Whenever you hear a ha-ha wafted toward you by a gleeful breeze, you know it's Lucille being happy over even the worst thing that could happen. The laugh is her password. Moreover Lucille's a very irresponsible young lady; lend her nothing, for her memory is short. Do the boys like her? We rather think so, from what we hear, and we pray for her victims, for Lucille is "kinda" capricious.



VIRGINIA ROAKE
"Jin"

*Two dancers are dancing and taking no rest,
And closely their hands together are pressed;
As soon as one dance has come to a close
Another begins, and each merrily goes.*



VERNON SOHNER
"Vernon"

*Company, villainous company, hath been the
spoil of me.*



Jin surely does like to dance, and to do almost anything that is well—er—*light*. By that we don't mean that Jin never does anything serious; she *does* write clever little verses, of which you'll find many back under the "Feature." Perhaps *you* wouldn't call writing comic verse a serious thing, but it would have been to *us*, if Jin (enter the heroine!) hadn't come to our aid. Jin has a mania for asking unanswerable questions; a result, maybe, of reading too much of Dickens and other "deep" authors.

A Venetian gondola, a moon, and someone singing "O Sole Mio" in a thrilling tenor voice is Jin's idea of heaven.

Between his so-called car and bluffing his lessons this bloodthirsty specimen finds life much of a hardship. Some day he will be a great man, or so we think. Why, he says that out of any old junk whatever, he can make an automobile that can beat any other in the country—provided the other isn't too fast. Inasmuch as he has already succeeded in putting a sixty horse-power engine in a two horse-power car, we predict with assurance his future success in life.

Go to, Vernon, you're a good skate, and afford us much amusement, and *that's* not to be sneezed at.



ARCHIE WYKES
"Archie"

*In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho, Brabe, or Erra Pater—*



Archie! Why you surely have heard of Archie, a most learned youth! He keeps the teachers in constant dread lest he ask them some deep problem which even they cannot solve. Some think him especially fitted to teach in a girls' seminary—but heaven forbid! His shiny black head would mean his ruin—and that of his sweet pupils. Besides, how could he refrain from showing them how fast his nifty Studebaker goes? And now we have it! Its' the breezes that glue his hair backward at that charming angle we all admire.

But Archie, do be careful. You worry us—some day you'll get your nose scraped in one of your accidents, and then what shall we do?



ELEANOR ROBERTS
"Eleanor"

*What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of
grace?*



Whenever Eleanor does come to school she's always on the hop-skip-and-jump—not that we think she's really doing anything. She just goes; you know, like one of those chronic jiggers that fasten on phonographs. Neither is the aforementioned Eleanor ever on time for anything or anybody; we bear a personal grudge against her on this account, having waited many weary minutes for her, standing alternately on either foot, and cursing the man who ever said it was stylish to be late.

In our now famous Senior Play Eleanor made out very well. She is another of our artists who, by drawing pretty posters have attracted gullible Freshmen to our dances, thus bringing in the lucre to us. Many thanks.



ESTHER STIER
"Esther"
It's no virtue to be silent.



MARIE SCHIEFERLY
"Marie"
The windy satisfaction of the tongue.



Esther is our littlest girl. She acts as a pathfinder, you might think, for Sabina, who is always in her train. Or maybe it's the other way round; anyway, they're always together. Esther elocutionizes, grandiloquates, or does something to that effect and well do we remember the occasions when she has stood up before us and orated. We've always marvelled that so little a person (speaking lengthwise) could have so massive a voice. Esther's a pocket edition of Daniel Webster, so to speak.

Esther, next time we bump into you and Sabina shopping in Newark when you should be in school *we're gonna tell!* And, mind you, take good care of your dad's money matters, or we'll see that you catch it!

That caption looks a little bad, doesn't it?—but then, they all look worse than they're meant to. Merely caricature, dear reader, merely caricature. We meant only that Marie likes to talk and laugh and liven up the atmosphere, and we can't blame her. Three and a half years is all the time Marie thinks B. H. S. is worth, or is it because she likes our class so much that she's rushing matters? All the more credit to her for her good taste.

Marie, you *do* like to giggle and make a noise you know, but aside from that you're a good student, and we'll admit we're glad you're one of us.

The great obstacle in your way is that Lucille is going to Normal with you; you're both fine when you're alone, but when you're together! Save the pieces!



GERTRUDE TATE
"Gert"

"I feel like a ham sandwich"—



LILLIAN VAN WICKLE
"Lil"

Push on, keep moving.



We'll never forget the time we felt like a ham sandwich; it's a rotten feeling, and we never want to undergo the agonies again, so here's our deepest sympathy to Gert, who so habitually experiences that sensation. Punctuality in keeping dates is *not* Gert's policy, and man alive but she likes to eat and dance! S-s-h— Run and close the windows while we tell you a vile secret—all safe?—well, she is one of those vague dreamers who wants to play "bridge" well.

Gert, as one of the partners of "Lil, Gert and Company," we'll tell them all what a good sport you are, in spite of your idle dreams. Besides that, you're not afraid to help out when you're needed, *and* remember, we collect the quarter for that compliment by to-morrow noon.

This photo belongs to Gert's colleague in crime and otherwise. Lil is notoriously lazy, staying up at nights way past the time when little girls should be in bed, and then squeezing in a ride to school. We're not speaking of the bus that robs us of our nickels either. Lil is clever enough to get free rides. Go thou on and do likewise, gentle reader, *if* you can manage it. Clever in more ways than this one, Lil makes very pretty clothes. Her ha-ha-ha constantly lets us know that she's enjoying herself—and giving her partners a good time, too. How about those rumors of her being bashful? Anyway, Lil is a good sport and a great help in time of stress; she's often helped us make punch for our dances, and that's no easy job.



ALICE WEISS
"Alice"

*Not of a nimble tongue, though now and then
Heard to articulate like other men.*



ETHEL UHRI
"Ethel"

*Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day
And that's the day that lies betwixt
A Saturday and Monday.*



What *are* we going to do about quiet souls like Alice, who never even let us know that they're around? Of course still waters run deep—they're supposed to, anyway—but when the waters are so still that you're afraid to sound their depths we think something ought to be done about it. At least we see from Alice's smile that life merely lies sleeping within her, and we *do* occasionally hear a wee voice talking at us.

Alice plays nurse to one of the dentists hereabout, and we naturally surmise that she'll make this her life work. According to our prophetic ways, we foresee that she'll be successful, since she'll keep quiet and let others do the talking, and is, withal, very calm, patient, and good-hearted.



Here you behold a young lady who loves the quiet satisfaction of a book. Like all who studiously sit, she says little save in English Class where she puts the rest of our poor brethren out of the running by her unholy eagerness to recite. (She's lucky she *can* recite, say we.) Ethel is one of our songsters—our one songstress, we should say; it was her voice you heard soaring up sweetly to the accompaniment of the harp in "Smilin' Thru."

As an additional attraction, permit us to add that Ethel eats good lemon drops. These she passed out generously during our Senior Play practices (lemon drops are great for the voice!) and all the would-be actors lunched on them. Ethel, we predict that, with the help of Heaven and a lemon drop you'll be a great success.



ALPHEUS DIXI CROSBY
"Dix"

Not e'en Hamlet can surpass this man!



This choice exhibit of a fair, sweet Easter-lily shows what teaching in B. H. S. will do to a perfectly good man. O, thou shouldst hear the ravishing music of that voice and the exquisite enunciation of those lips * * * and then you'd believe that the success of "Smilin' Through" was due to Dix's able coaching. Full many times has this prodigy of learning been graduated from different institutions, but only we can claim the honor of having his beaming countenance grace the pages of our book, for he is our enthusiastic and much liked faculty advisor. B. H. S., and especially the Class of February, 1925, owes more to Dix's versatility than it can ever repay, so we welcome the present opportunity to express to him our sincere gratitude.



MARIANNE WELKER
"Marianne"

*I'm hungry, oh, I'm hungry
When do you think we'll eat?
I'm feeling faint; I have a pain;
I'm empty to my feet!*



It must be hard to be generous with food when you yourself live to eat, but Marianne is just that, so we dutifully proffer offers of thanks for the many times she has filled our stomachs with her lunch—good lunch, at that. Marianne's extremely good-hearted, always straightens out collars and lends out handkerchiefs—and she's quite an artist, too. She never gets enough credit for her art, being a very modest young lady; but she does paint very pretty candle sticks and the like. Some day the world will realize you're greatness, Marianne. And eat! Perhaps she doesn't eat so much, but she likes to eat, so her lunches are correspondingly large, and we help her consume them. Well, the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, so rah! rah! Marianne, we're glad you're one of us.

School Song

Come and sing, all ye Bloomfield girls and boys,
 Come and give a rousing cheer!
 Join our line as we march along so fine
 With hearts that have no fear.
 Forward then, 'neath the Gray and the Red,
 We will march in bold array.
 So let everybody shout and sing,
 For this is old Bloomfield's day.

CHORUS.

Cheer for Old Bloomfield! Bloomfield must win!
 Fight to the finish! Never give in!
 All play your best, boys; we'll do the rest, boys,
 Fight for the victory!

True we stand to our Alma Mater grand,
 Loyal children one and all,
 Firm and leal our hearts as true as steel
 Faithful to her every call.
 Long may wave over all her children brave,
 Her banner proud and gay.
 So let cheer on cheer ring out on the air,
 For this is old Bloomfield's day.

Class Song

Tune of "Smilin' Thru"

I.

The time that will come seems to bring fear and hope
 As we leave our dear Bloomfield High;
 But those hopes and those fears
 Will bring smiles—perhaps tears—
 When we think of you old mother true;
 Dear school.

II.

All our friends, our hard work, all our good times with you
 Will come smilin' through sweet memory,
 And we'll live over then
 Our old school days again
 With each thought of you dear High School true;
 Good-bye!

Words by Ida Raisbeck.

19—*BHS*—25

Prizes

Bloomfield High School, February, 1925



EUCLEIAN FUND PRIZE—Highest Grade in English

Awarded to.....

LATIN CLUB PRIZE--Highest Grade in Latin

Awarded to.....

COMMERCIAL CLUB PRIZE—Highest Grade in all Commercial Subjects

Awarded to.....

CHEMISTRY CLUB PRIZE—Highest Grade in Chemistry

Awarded to.....

JAMES T. BOYD COUNCIL, JR. O. U. A. M., SILK FLAG PRIZE
Highest Grade in Problems of American Democracy

Awarded to.....

BLOOMFIELD HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI PRIZE
High Scholastic Attainments and Member of Athletic Teams

Awarded to.....

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*The names of the winners of the prizes were withheld because they will not be announced until after this book is published.*

Prologue

*Our school term is a rainbow bridge
Which spans from shore to shore,
Our entrance into High School
And the time when school is o'er.*

*Each traveler on this colored arch
Is rated much the same,
Like a pilgrim on a journey—
Regardless of his name.*

*With commencement of his Freshman year,
The pilgrim first essays
To reach the hazy rainbow end,—
Prospective Senior days.*

*Because the rainbow tends to bring
Each student to his goal,
With equal due we register
Our schoolmates, as a whole.*

Spirnir B



SCENIC

President GEORGE HEATH
 Vice-President MARGARET SULLIVAN
 Secretary VIRGINIA YOUNG
 Treasurer ANNETTE MUELCHI

Keturah Angstadt
 Dorothy Baumler
 Mary Bearns
 Marion Boughton
 Lucille Belton
 Helen Burnett
 Kathryn Clark
 Harry Cox
 Florence Capron
 Mildred Dann
 Maria De Gennaro
 Stuart Daland
 Elsie Demeter
 Jennie De Santo
 Florence Downs
 Aurie Dunlap
 Hugh Eadie
 Harold Edden
 Dorothy Egan
 Walter Eisenback
 Gilbert Evens
 Thomas Finnerty
 Ruth Franke
 Harry Frantzen
 Howard Garnar
 Grace Garrabrandt

Elizabeth Grissing
 Josephine Hall
 Corrinne Harrison
 George Heath
 Marion Helme
 Myra Herder
 Dorothy Heuslin
 Wilhelmina Hildebrandt
 James Howard
 Dorothy Hutson
 Helen Kaufmann
 Loretta Kenny
 George Kern
 Marion Kinkel
 Eleanor Koester
 Ida Kronbitter
 Frances King
 Theodore Koch
 Miriam Landow
 Kenneth Mickens
 Alexander MacGillivray
 Patricia Macy
 Beatrice Mayo
 Evelyn Metcalf
 Langdon Mendles
 Evelyn Moritz

Annette Muelchi
 Charles Meyer
 Austin O'Neil
 Henry Otto
 Elizabeth Oris
 Caroline Pieper
 Dorothy Reynolds
 Ralph Robbins
 John Ruvo
 Betty Schoonmaker
 Jeanette Senior
 Sadie Silverman
 Pearl Simpson
 Helena Slavinski
 Mary Smith
 LeRoy Spangenberg
 Margaret Sullivan
 Loretta Somerack
 Robert Stebbins
 Elizabeth Thomas
 Robert Tolley
 Frances Walton
 Ruth Warrin
 Grace Williams
 Virginia Young
 Helen Zawistowski



Junior Class



11-A

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Dorothy Beesley	Isabell Hutchings
Amelia Brewster	Ruth Johnson
Della Bryce	Florence Kelly
Louise Carrell	Howard Kopf
Gladys Charles	Ralph Kopf
Joseph Cliff	David Krohn
Marion Conlong	Gladys Leonard
Aileen Corey	Rebecca Lubin
Victor Corraz	Alice MacCauley
George Cort	Glen MacNary
George Courier	Richard Maxwell
Mary Crawford	Paul McAlpine
David Daland	Alfred Miller
Helen Decker	August Mirsch
James Dennison	George Newman
Donald Dewar	Fred Nield
Dorothy Duncan-Clark	Ernest Posse
Thomas Dyal	Peter Rancick
Phyllis Eccles	Louise Randall
Elizabeth Edwards	Catherine Ruvo
Albert Egan	Leonard Schwalm
Catherine Fairweather	John Shaul
Thomas French	Morris Silverman
Charles Green	Alfred Smith
Ernest Hambacker	Harriet Todd
Janet Hawthorne	Lauren Tuttle

11-B

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Vice-President	DOROTHY HEATH
Secretary	HANNAH HILDEBRANDT
Treasurer	ROBERT FORSYTH
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Grace Alker	William Koch
Gladys Ayers	Albert Koch
Aline Bell	Anna Kolb
Donald Benjamin	Elizabeth Ludlum
Ruth Brown	Dorothy Lynch
Thomas Brennan	Vincent Lamartine
Julia Bishop	Walace Lott
Doris Burnet	Helen Lombard
Howard Carter	Jack Lowry
Ellis Crane	Bayard Lamborn
Alfred Christenson	William Massey
Constance Caruso	Adelaide Marsters
Grace Conley	Ralph Mathews
Emily Dyal	Edwin Miller
Francis Dicky	Helen MacGregart
Lillian Dawson	George MacGregart
Stewart Dalzell	Helen Morgan
Beatrice Dixon	George MacConchie
Barbara Duncan-Clark	Hazel McBride
Robert Forsyth	Helen McDonald
Gertrude Friedlander	Jack O'Leary
Walter Franke	Anita Owen
Marguerite Fenstenmacher	Dorothy Roedel
Fred Fiore	Edward Riorden
Louis Farro	Eva Roszel
Marguerite Forest	James Robertson
Bessie Garlock	Marion Senior
Dorothy Heath	Hilda Sarvent
Hannah Hildebrandt	Alma Sempf
Earl Howland	Irma Young
Norman Heyl	Sigmund Ziga
Isabel Hutchings	Louise Zawish
Lloyd Hamilton	



Sophomore Class

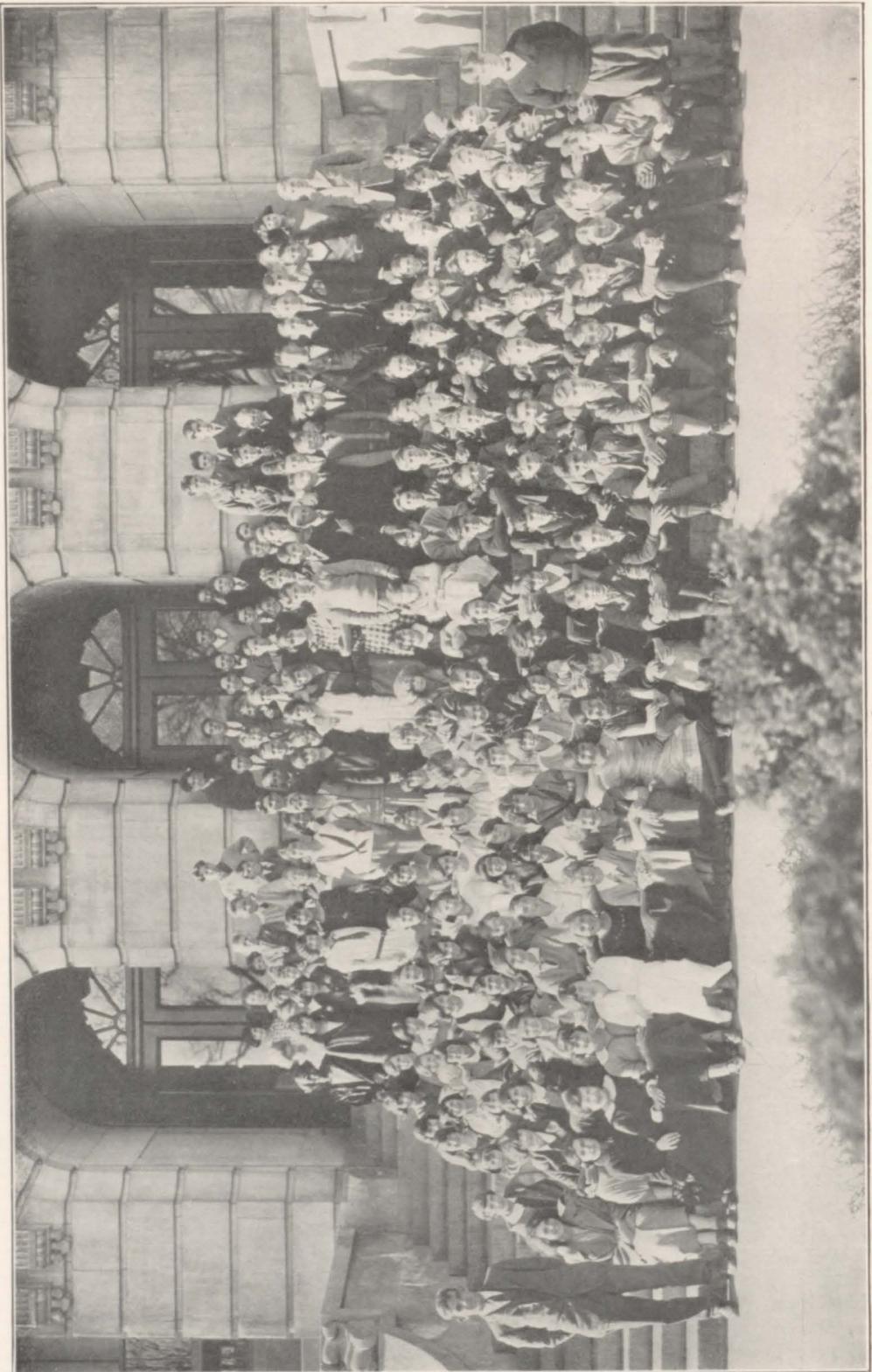
SOPHOMORE

X-A



X-B

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Vice-President	HELEN TOENNIES	Vice-President	MURIEL BARNES
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Elsie Bayer	Edgar Mitchell	Muriel Barnes	Miriam Krohn
Doris Berger	George Missback	George Beach	May Kunz
Donald Berges	John O'Gara	Violet Bohme	Ruth Landow
Edna Bohr	Michael Padula	Margaret Busch	Lennea Lawson
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Carl Capron	Margaret Perrson	Nilda Cole	Edward Lender
James Caruso	Edward Pierson	George Cowan	Dorothy Lock
Edwin Chance	Eleanor Richardson	Catherine Cowie	Waldemar Maigren
Wanda Cieslinski	Kathleen Riggs	Myrtle Cranse	Helen Maior
Charles Clayton	Mary Rozewski	Edna Crogan	Robert Massey
Helen Courier	Manuel Schafer	Paul Deland	William Mitchel
Mary Demeter	Victor Scheffel	Grace Darling	Duncan Macky
Josephine Donnerwicz	Milton Scherr	Lillian Decker	Donald McNeely
Charles Duncan	Bertha Schluger	Evelyn Dowd	Joseph Morman
Victor Ernst	Winifred Schoner	James Doyle	Ferdinand Morman
Cornelia Ferguson	Mildred Schreiber	Joseph Drudy	Evelyn Morris
Frank Ferguson	Frank Shaw	William Duncan	Gordon Murray
Robert Ferguson	Bertha Silverman	Kathryn Dunlap	John Officer
Mamie Foran	Harriet Simmons	Helen Egan	Robert O'Neil
May Griffin	Julia Simmons	Jean Egan	John O'Leary
Edwin Haight	Christine Singman	Tamzon Ervin	Lillian Navel
Henry Hambacker	Mildred Spatz	Erma Ellor	Dorothy Ostrom
Charles Hanna	Helen Speiden	Anna Ellor	Geraldine Oakes
Louis Hetzel	Gertrude Tasgal	Edna Fergeson	Owen Pathe
Caroline Hopper	Helen Toennies	Orma Farrand	Salvatore Pentecost
Ethel Hower	Clifford Weber	Marion Foster	John Peterson
Frank Hower	Jack Weinheimer	Mildred Fornoff	Thadea Plambeck
Lewis Hutchings	Helen Weiss	Evelyn Garlock	Jennie Pico
Louise Jacobs	Harriet Whitmore	Harry Garry	Elvira Pohl
Douglas Kelly	Hattie Winn	John Gist	George Preston
Harry Kelly	Henry Yasko	George Hager	Aileen Reford
Ruth Kymer	Josephine Zbikowski	Alexander Hamilton	Clara Reinecke
Donald Leith	Ernest Zeim	Anna Helme	Thomas Rogers
Alvin Smith	William Wadstein	Edward Hemer	Charlotte Salinger
Josephine Smith	Lillian Waeshter	Muriel Higgins	Ruth Samuels
Kathleen Smith	Vivian Warnke	Earl Hoagland	Madeline Sanger
James Turnbull	Alicia Waskiwitz	Norman Johnson	Norman Sewall
Irene Van Wickel	Eudora Welker	Richard Johnson	Harry Silverstein
Corey Von Rhine	Thelma Williams	Robert Johnson	Margaret Sinclair
		Alfred Kent	Samuel Sklower



Freshman Class

FIREMAN



IX-B

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Ellsworth Boughton
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Benjamin Burrill
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Wido Caruso
Herman Cohen
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Maurice Cooper
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Edith Courter
Gertrude Cowen
Constance Cozzolino
Edith Crawford
Albert Dibaun
Blanche Dodson
Cora Donald
Dorothy Drudy
Paul Dunnigan
Leona Ellor
Joseph Farro
Chester Fisher
Rose Fitzsimmons
Celeste Ford
Irene Forsythe
Max Friedman
Frank Galioto
Arthur Garrabrandt
Lawrence Gordon



JOSEPHINE E. GORHAM

Miss Gorham, who has recently joined our faculty, is the adviser of the Freshman B Class.

Euphemia Gray	Stephen Kaszeski
Irma Griffith	Thomas Kilroy
Ruth Hammond	George Kirk
Mary Harvey	Margaret Kosnow
Raymond Hesterfer	Esther Krohn
Edgar Hill	George Lancaster
John Hoagland	Genevieve Lawton
Helen Johnson	Charles Longfellow
Arnold Jones	Anna Lucas
Charles Kaiser	Francis Lynch
Stanley Kalinoski	Marie Lynch
Elizabeth Kane	Nelson Marzloff
Edward Karas	Helen Mazur

Edith McKee
Eleanor McLaughlan
Stephen McNeely
Mildred Mellin
Charles Miele
Walter Miller
Margaret Moglin
Basil Moore
William Moore
Gladys Newbern
Mildred Nieman
Clayton O'Connell
Elizabeth Pennell
Peter Quinn
Haysel Ralli
Paul Roake
Elmor Robbins
Paul Robbins
Nathalie Roos
Louise Ruppert
Frank Scanlon
Robert Scerrato
Dorothy Shorter
Yetta Silverman
Martin Sintiff
Julia Stawicki
Frielia Stimler
Harriet Stout
Augustus Strazza
Leslie Tull
Allen Van Arsdale
Myron Van Riper
Frieda Vohringer
William Wangner
Robert Weichert
Harold Wright
Rosemary Wyman
Myrtle Young
Wesley Zergiebel

19

BDS

25

IX-A

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Louis Balg	Howard Jaeger	David Rappeport
Carl Bathgate	Marion Jefferies	Agatha Reichman
Elizabeth Benesch	Robert Johnson	Herbert Robbins
Dean Bogart	Bessie Johnson	Mildred Roth
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Wallace Cameron	Chester Koshinski	William Ruvo
Gladys Chatterton	Helen Leib	Matilda Scaduto
Mary Cohane	Priscilla Linnett	Margaret Selkirk
Burnett Cohen	Dorothy Lloyd	Charles Scheiber
Anna Cooney	Ethelyn Lloyd	Thomas Shultess
Evelyn Cox	Margaret Lohnes	Donald Slater
Dorothea Davis	David Lubin	Leon Steir
Lillian Decker	Philip Luthy	Richard Testut
Mary Demarest	Richard Magwood	Edmund Thompson
Irma Dirner	M. Markey	Henry Tomkins
Thomas Dunn	Mildred Mathews	Ruth Ullman.
Jerry Falone	Delight McAlpine	Elwood Van Dorin
Frank Frederico	Robert McKay	Rodney Van Ness
William Florus	Gladys Mitten	Monica Wacowicz
James Galioto	Edward Musielski	Donald Walker
Joseph Hamilton	Marion Oberg	Raymond Weidele
Vera Harle	John O'Leary	Elizabeth Wilcox
Leroy Hayes	Arthur Paston	Elizabeth Wood
Olga Henderson	Grace Penberthy	Joseph Wronski
Katherine Herald	Helen Peskin	Alexander Young
Austried Hermanson	Claire Peters	George Young
Ruth Higgins	Wendell Phillips	Kenneth Garrabrant
William Hilowitz	Joseph Piombino	
Edna Hultberg	William Pieper	Elizabeth Hodson

ORGANISATION



TOPP

Latin Club

MISS M. GAY	Honorary President
FRANCES JAEGER	President
WILLIAM PORZER	Vice-President
VIRGINIA YOUNG	Secretary
HORACE MEEKER	Treasurer

The meetings of the Latin Club have been unusually interesting thus far this term; both the Senior classes have entertained us with bits of acting, the Senior A's having acted out a good old-fashioned Roman wedding, and the Senior B's having presented "Saccus Malonim," "A Sack of Apples," which they acted before the entire Latin department. Now the Junior A's are preparing something for our next meeting—something which we hope will be educational, and which we know will be amusing.

One afternoon at the new fireplace built by the Kiwanis Club, the Latin and French Clubs together had great fun roasting and eating hot dogs.

We look forward to good times that are to come in the future, and we hope sincerely that the Latin Club will keep on the same successful path.

VIRGINIA YOUNG, *Secretary.*

Le Cercle Français

MISS A. HEARTZ.....	Honorary President
IDA RAISBECK	President
ELIZABETH GRISSEY	Vice-President
ANNETTE MUELCHI	Secretary
ELLIS CRANE	Treasurer

The French Club, wearing the newly-acquired pins and rings with a truly French seal, has been "going strong" this year.

It has more than satisfied its members with the entertainments given at the meetings, one of which was a one-act play, "L'Anglais tel qu'on le parle."

In January a dinner-dance was given which proved to be very successful and original.

But the French Club is not all "fun and frolic." It cares for a small French orphan across the sea, who lost her father in the war. Several times a year, little Jeanne Loncle of St. Denis is sent a small remembrance by her friends of the Club.

Now, with the increasing spirit and membership, and under the able guidance of Miss Heartz, the French Club feels confident of success in all its undertakings.

ANNETTE MUELCHI, *Secretary.*

Spanish Club

MISS VERA B. SAFFORD	Honorary President
ALEXANDER MACGILLIVRAY	President
JOSEPH CLIFF	Vice-President
DOROTHY HEUSLEIN	Secretary
DAVID HILOWITZ	Treasurer

The Spanish Club has doubled its membership this term, now having over fifty members.

A great deal of enthusiasm has been shown, both by way of programs and social activities. The club is conducting a series of talks on "South America and Trade Relations," which are proving very interesting.

The social events of the term were a Camp Supper held at Eagle Rock in September, and the club's first annual Thanksgiving Party, held at the Community House in November. These affairs were very successful and were well attended. Plans are being made for the annual trip to New York in February.

This term has been an active and a progressive one for the club. We hope the succeeding ones will be even more so.

DOROTHY HEUSLEIN, *Secretary*.

Chemistry Club

MR. O. J. WALRATH	Honorary President
HORACE MEEKER	President
ROBERT STEBBINS	Vice-President
MARIE SCHIEFERLY	Secretary and Treasurer

The primary purpose of the Chemistry Club is to stimulate an interest in the subject of Chemistry and at the same time to give its members the opportunity of visiting chemical plants and to hear speakers on chemical subjects. This term a trip was taken to the Times Building in New York, where we watched the complete operations in the making of a newspaper and also the printing of the rotogravure section. Everyone expressed the desire that more trips of such intense interest should be taken in the future.

During October the Club presented the school with a radio set, which was given to the Mountainside Hospital for the use of any B. H. S. students who might be confined there.

All work and no play is not on the schedule of the Chemistry Club, because the social welfare of the members is not overlooked by any means. At least one social function, generally in the form of a dance, is held every half-year. During December one of these dances was held. A large number of members attended and had a real good time.

MARIE SCHIEFERLY, *Secretary*.

The Commercial Club

ALEXANDER MACGILLIVRAY.....	President
DAVID HILOWITZ.....	Vice-President
FRIEDA ABEND	Secretary
SAMUEL PIERSON.....	Treasurer

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Mr. J. Fitzgerald, Chairman

Miss A. Miller	Wilhemina Hildebrandt
Mr. Thorpe	Samuel C. Pierson

The Commercial Club has had an active term, socially as well as educationally. The regular meetings have been of educational value inasmuch as modern commercial topics are discussed at those times.

A very successful Christmas Party was held in the Gym and a trip was made to New York in January. The Club hopes to have a skating party some time during the winter.

The Club as a whole has taken considerable interest in our new High School Savings Bank and is doing a great deal to make it a success.

FRIEDA ABEND, *Secretary.*

Bloomfield High School Savings Bank

FRED HAIGHT	President
DOROTHY HEATH	First Vice-President
GEORGE KERN	Second Vice-President
ELIZABETH OROS	Secretary and Treasurer
FRIEDA ABEND	Head Cashier
ALEXANDER MACGILLIVRAY	Head Bookkeeper

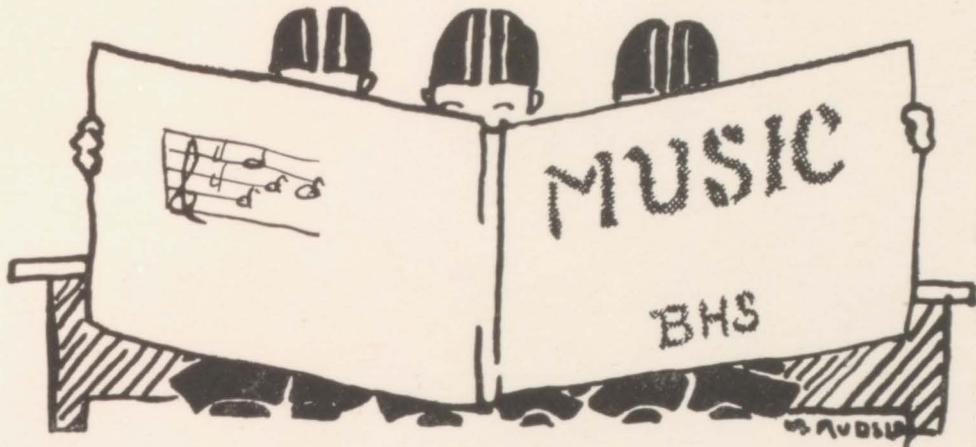
The Bloomfield High School Savings Bank was organized during the first week in October, through the efforts of Mr. Stover, and with the co-operation of Mr. Fitzgerald of the High School and Mr. Miller, Treasurer of the Bloomfield Savings Institution. The purpose of the bank is to encourage thrift and saving among the students. Monday of each week is set aside as "deposit day." The school bank is run on the same basis as a regular bank.

The governing body of the bank consists of a President, First and Second Vice-Presidents, and a Board of Directors, made up of one representative from each home-room, from whom the officers are elected. It is their duty to create an interest in the bank and to increase the number of depositors. Each home-room has a Treasurer who represents the depositors, and who collects the weekly deposits and brings them to the bank.

At the first regular meeting held on October 15, it was suggested that each director give a short talk each week in his home room about the advantages of becoming a depositor in the school bank. These talks had great influence in the last month or two in increasing depositors.

At present, a large percentage of the students of the school are members of the bank. At the close of this term we hope to be so far advanced that there will be 100 per cent. deposits in our new bank.

ELIZABETH OROS, *Secretary.*



Orchestra

The Bloomfield High School Orchestra which is composed of fifty-eight pieces, has just completed one of the most successful years in the history of the school. Under the directorship of Prof. Smith, this Orchestra has attained such a height that it is recognized as a leading musical organization of the town.



Band

The latest addition to the musical organizations of the school is the B. H. S. Band. The spirit instilled in the football team by the Band no doubt contributed to many victories in close games during the season.

The Band is now composed of twenty-two members and was led, during this past season by our own Al. Lender. A larger representation is looked for next year when the membership will be augmented by many newcomers to the school.

High School Orchestra



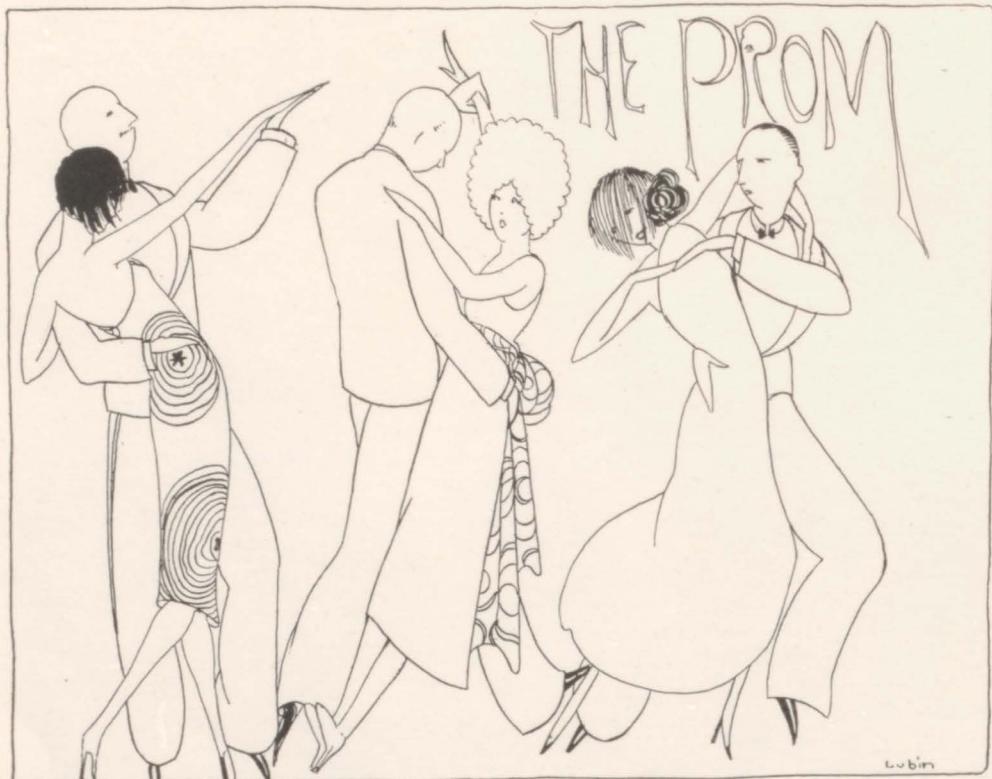
High School Band



19

BDS

25



Junior Prom

COMMITTEE

William Askin

Janet Hawthorne

Isabelle Hutchings

Dorothy Heath

Thomas French

Alfred Christanson

Ralph Mathews



DRAMATICS



Our Class Play

"Smilin' Thru" broke all Senior-play records, for this beautiful romantic comedy that starred Jane Cowl was hailed as the finest play ever given in Bloomfield, and it drew the largest audience that ever turned out here for an amateur performance.

The cast was a constellation of many stars. Helen Post as Kathleen Dungannon was a coy bit of Blarney whom William Porzer, as the romantic hero. Kenneth Wayne, sheiked with the combined cardiac prowess of a Rudie and a Romeo, only to find her uncle, John Carteret, impersonated by Robert Blunt, vehemently opposed. Bob was a romantic old pippin, though frost-bitten and acrimonious in his attitude toward Ken Wayne, the son of the man for whom he held a hatred unmitigated by the mellowing years. Eleanor Roberts as Moonyeen Clare was an angelic creation tarrying momentarily like the breath of June roses.

It was on the night of her wedding with John that her rejected suitor, Jeremiah Wayne portrayed by Bill Porzer, came intoxicated with blighted love and bootleg bringing tragedy and despair.

The rest of the cast comprised James Hampton, who was an excellent impersonation of the genial Dr. Harding, John's life-long friend; Horace Meeker the ill-starred rustic-romantic Willie Ainley; Ethel Jenkins the faithful servant Ellen, and Ida Raisbeck as Mary Clare, sister of the beautiful Moonyeen.

A quaint picture of a happy by-gone day was recalled to the older generation in the hoop-skirted and plush-collared wedding party, made up of Edith Dyal, Angelyn Burrows, Marienne Welker, William Kerlin, Albert Lender and Wright Lind. Ethel Uhri sang the incidental songs with lingering sweetness.

Ida Raisbeck and Angelyn Burrows were the two sweet spirits at the "End of the Road," tarrying in the misty borderland of Eternity like rainbow colors dripping through tears of Joy and Sorrow.

Behind the scenes the managing stage hands included the following:

David Hilowitz	Business Manager
William Kerlin	Stage Manager
Joseph Green	
Albert Lender	
Ford Bogart	
Wilbur Schreiber	
Wright Lind	Properties
A. D. Crosby	Coach

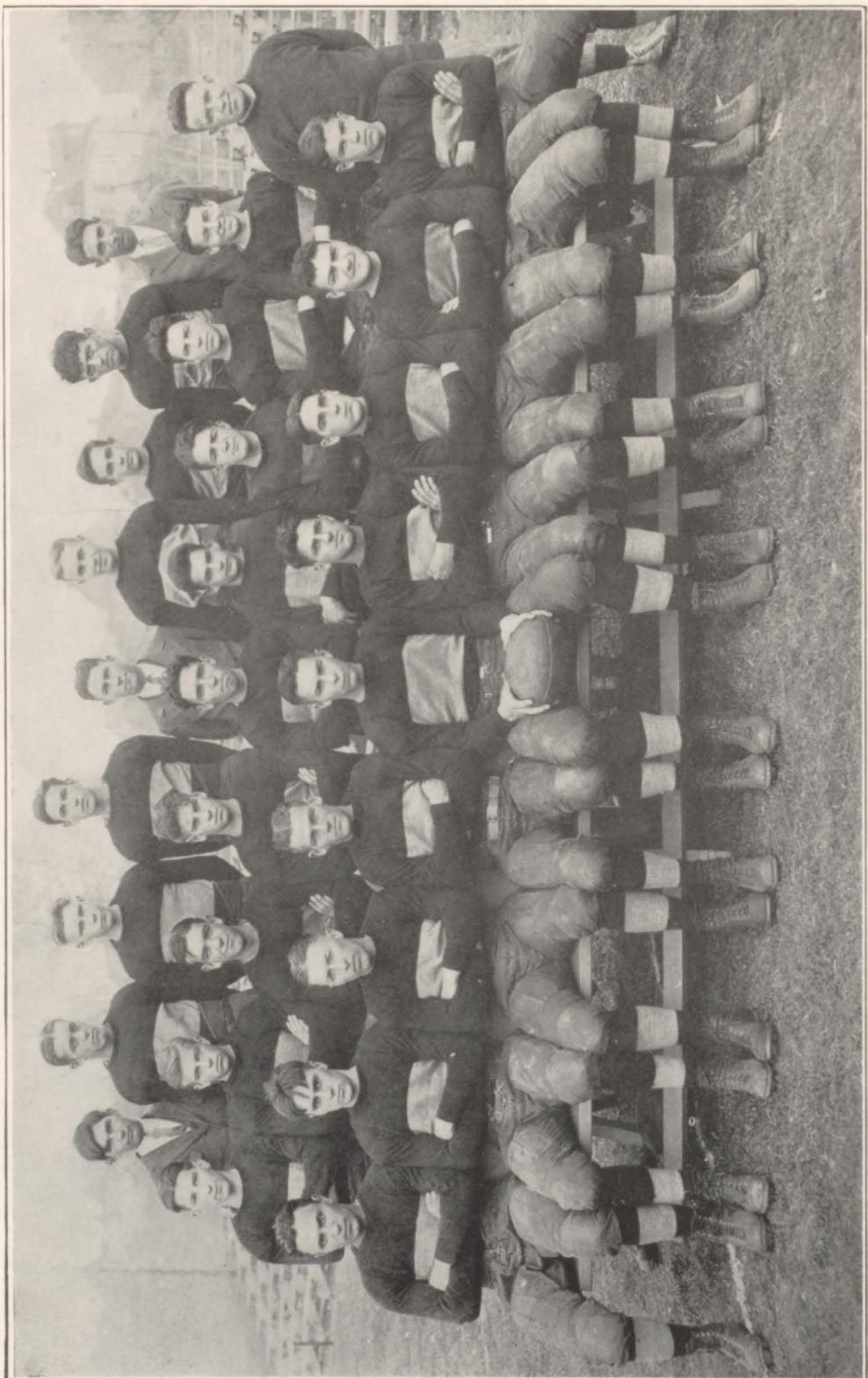
The Cast of "Smilin' Thru"



ATHLETICS



D. BERGER.



Foothill Team 1924

William L. Foley, Coach

Albert Ellor, Captain

Samuel C. Pierson, Manager

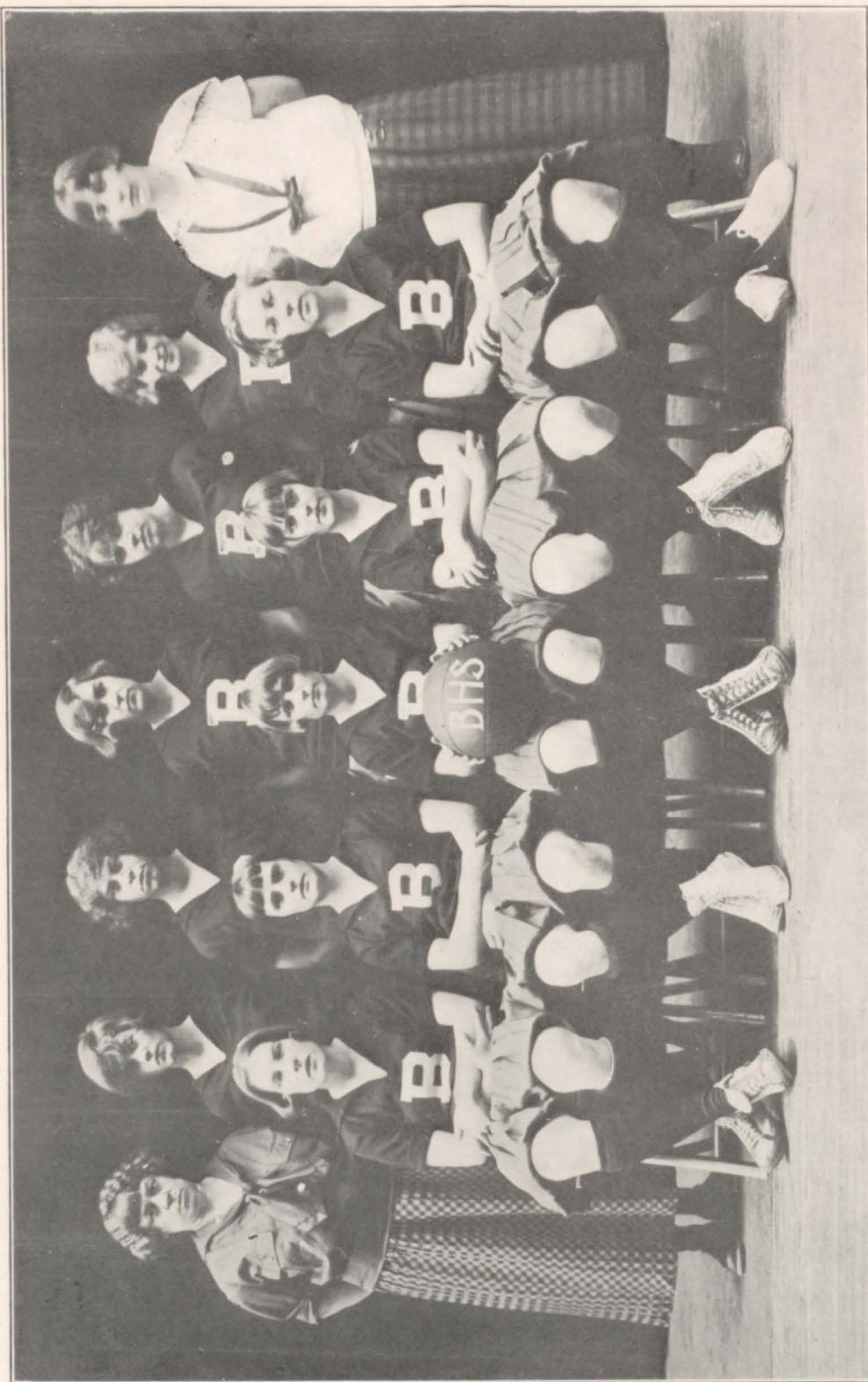
Although the team failed to make the record that the team of 1923 did, the season was a great success. At the end of the season it was adjudged the tenth best team in the State. As one school out of 106 to be reckoned with, this is to be considered a good showing. The team showed wonderful fighting spirit in all its games and it was this spirit that carried the team on to victory. Ten games were played, seven of which resulted in wins for B. H. S.

The games were all closely contested, even those that were lost. Manual Training came all the way over from Brooklyn to help us open our season. The final score stood 7 to 0 in our favor after a gruelling battle. The only blemish on our card was a 22-0 defeat by Dickinson High, who took us unawares one week later. The South Side game was all ours up until the last few minutes of the fray, when South Side scored twice. Hambacker's drop-kick was the deciding factor, and South Side lost, 16-13. Lincoln proved an easy mark and we romped off with a 27-3 win. Central High School's State Champions after being outplayed throughout the first half, took a fall out of us with a 21-0 victory. Two touchdowns were scored by our boys against Morristown, and a run of the entire length of the field was not enough to beat us. Of course we won, 13-7. The annual Election Day game with East Side resulted in another win, this time to the tune of 13 to 6. Irvington with its clever shifts, battled hard, but one touchdown was not enough to make for Hambacker's scoring. He scored on a touchdown and drop-kicked an extra three points from the thirty-yard line. The Camp-towners went home defeated 9-7. Against Morris High, of New York City, Hambacker's toe resulted in a Bloomfield victory. This time he kicked two field goals which made the score 6-0. "Lost by Six Inches" might be an appropriate title for our defeat at Montclair. After a fumble, Montclair scored and managed to keep on the aggressive throughout the first half. But the second half was different. Immediately after the kick-off, Bloomfield marched the ball to the four-yard mark, Hambacker dropped back for a kick but attempted a pass which was grounded. Montclair then took the ball on downs and kicked to mid-field. Hard work advanced the ball again to within the four-yard line. On the last play Bloomfield missed a first down by barely six inches. That six inches meant a touchdown and a possibility of victory, but fate was against us and time was up shortly after.

The playing of Ernie Hambacker was wonderful throughout the season, and well did he earn a position on the mythical All High School Eleven of the State and also the captaincy for the season of 1925. Injuries and sickness kept several of our boys off the field of play for weeks at a time, but despite this difficulty, the boys played on.

The following players were awarded their letters: Captain Bert Ellor, Captain-elect Ernie Hambacker, Fred Haight, Mike Adubato, George Heath, Lauren Tuttle, John Ruvo, Harry Frantzen, Al Egan, Earl Hoagland, George Cort, Pete Rancich, Paul McAlpine, Andy Lobel and Hugh Eadie.

SAMUEL C. PIERSON, Manager.



Girls' Basketball Squad

Girls' Basketball Squad

Miss Russell (Coach)

Marion Curren (Capt.—S. C.)	Adelaide Marsters (G.)
Ruth Kymer (F.)	Wilhemina Hildebrandt (F.)
Kathleen Riggs (F.)	Marion Helme (J. C.)
Dorothy Heath (J. C.)	Marjorie Smith (G.)
Eleanor Richardson (G.)	Hannah Hildebrandt (S. C.)

Although B. H. S. misses the three strong players who graduated last term, there are prospective victories with the preceding line-up on the court.

Because the majority of girls are Sophomores and Juniors, it is creditable to the efforts of the coach as well as of the players that comparatively new material could be molded into this powerful team. Future success will be attributed to their frequent practices.

Great triumph is assured in the following list of games booked for this season:

January 6	Morristown	Away
January 13	Glen Ridge	Away
January 20	Morristown	Home
January 22	Newark Normal	Home
February 6	Newark Normal	Away
February 10	Glen Ridge	Home
February 16	Cranford	Away
February 17	C. C. I., Hackettstown	Away
March 12	Cranford	Home
March 13	C. C. I., Hackettstown	Home

DOROTHY EGAN, *Manager.*

Girls' Gym Team

For eleven years the Girls' Gym Team has been thriving under the able supervision of Miss Russell, gymnasium instructor of Bloomfield High School, who has expended every effort to create among girls an interest in healthful and corrective exercising, and to give to those who desire it an opportunity to become teachers of Physical Training. However, until this recent term when Bloomfield was honored with the visitation of the State Director of Physical Education, her work had not gained the deserved recognition. Up to the time of the publication of the team's pictures in the *Newark Sunday Call*, the team had not been brought into much consideration by other Jersey schools. Since then, the members of the Bloomfield organization have been requested with the idea that the team is the only one of its kind in the State—to give an exhibition of their work at the boys' track meet which is to be held at Dickinson High School in March.

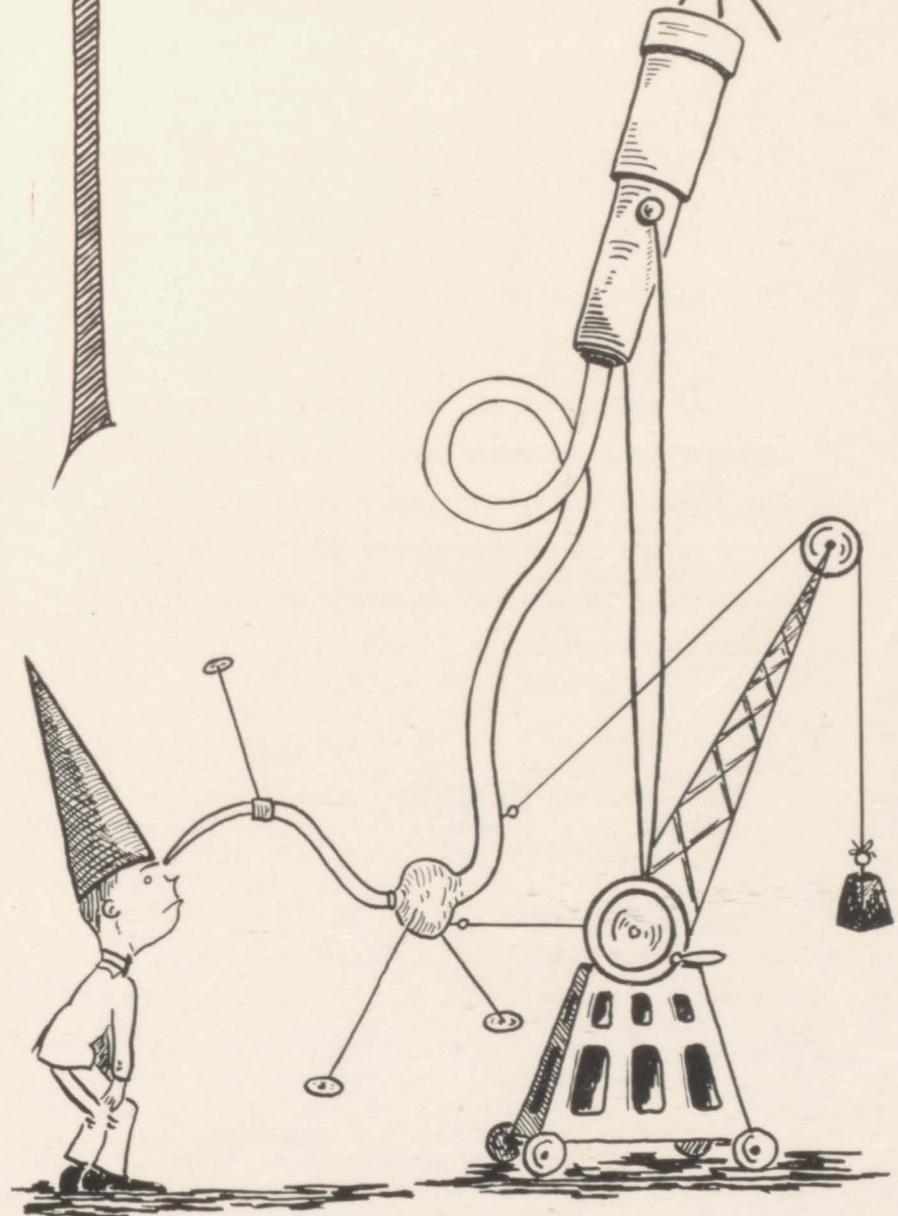
Miss Russell had organized the Gym Team with a small handful of girls who seemed to regard the drills and apparatus work as a pleasurable duty and who would make use of this chance to benefit their bodies. They gathered in the gymnasium every Wednesday afternoon and were assigned apparatus work according to ability. Each term, Miss Russell has gradually added to the original number until, at the present time the team has fifty-odd members and can boast of being one of the largest and most active organizations in the High School.

The girls who compose the team are those who Miss Russell, through careful watchfulness during class periods, believes will afford hopes of improvement and will profit by further instruction. It is interesting to see how rapidly the awkward little Freshman learns to manage her muscles with strength and grace when she has been guided by the proper teaching for a year. This opportunity—the opportunity of attaining grace and precision of movement, is extended to every girl in the High School if she is interested in herself and her body—and it is hoped that Bloomfield's Gym Team has paved the way for other girls in other schools to have the same possibilities.

This year, the Gym Team is under the captaincy of Janet Hawthorne. In order to earn all expenses for the girls' basketball suits, the Gym Team allied with the Basketball Team by selling home-made candy at the football games. This act added one more honor to the credit the Gym Team had already obtained.

FEATURE

JOX





If we have achieved our object of interesting the reader with the mention of our school duties, we desire now that he view our school life from the angle of pleasure and disport himself among the following pages.



Our School Alphabet

A—is for Algebra, Terhune's is the room
 Full many a student here comes to his doom.

B—for Biology, study of plants—
 For this—bright expressions our faces enhance.

C—is for Chemistry, where at their tasks
 The students break bottles and beakers and flasks.

D—is for "Dixi," Elocution he teaches,
 And also he coaches some plays that are peaches.

E—is for English, four years thru the mill,
 Though some take lots more (not of their own will).

F—is for Foley, many tricks he doth know,
 He develops our teams, who vanquish the foe.

G—for Geometry, worst of all Math,
 Here many a student quite misses the path.

H—stands for History—here Salsbury or Ross,
 If you don't know your lesson, will show you who's boss.

I—is for Interest which everyone lacks.
 A student would rather trim chairs up with tacks.

J—Junior Class; they will soon take our place,
 Let's hope they will fill it with exceeding grace.

K—is for Kitchen, where in one-six,
 The girls concoct pies and make doughnuts like bricks.

L—stands for Library, where often we creep,
 So that vile thoughts of school won't disturb our sweet sleep.

M—is for Music, where Smith does his stuff.
 But one piece we think sometimes more than enough.

N—is for Notes which are passed on the sly,
 But if you are caught *you'll* pass out on your eye.

O—is for Office, that fateful dark place
 Where the student with red marks, rains tears down his face.

P—is for Physics: here, fellows, oftentimes,
 Put mercury on pennies and pass them for dimes.

Q—is for Quizzes the cause of much strife,
 We admit with a sigh they're the bane of school life.

R—Recreation, the noon-time for fun,
 When the blamed bell rings loudly, we all have to run.

S—stands for Stover, unlucky the day,
 For the student he catches a-getting too gay.

T—stands for Test. We fail at the sight,
 It either will flunk one or make burdens light.

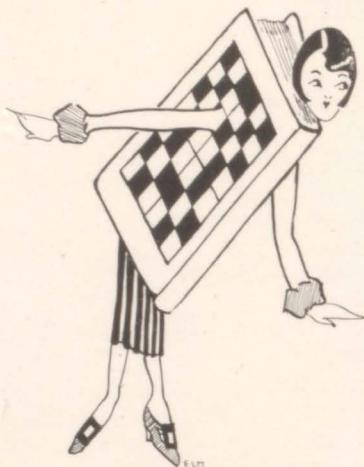
U—is for Unison, in the Choral Class this,
 Tho' often by ten feet, the right note they miss.

V—is for Verdant, the hue of the Frosh,
 They're teased of their color enough, by gosh!

W—for Week-ends. We go home and rest,
 And Monday we tackle our work with a zest (?)

X Y Z—are three symbols oft used in Mathematics,
 They surely make some kids have bats in their attics.

J. H.



They go wild, simply wild, over me.

"It says in the paper that a burglar was shot in the hold-up."

"Ha! Must have shot him in the suspenders!"

In P. D.

It's funny how the name of Ross
Insists on rhyming in with "boss."
We must confess we're at a loss
To know the reason.
So that is why we don't endorse
Our P. D. Class. We know no moss
Can gather where the bluff we toss
So quit your teasin'.

Junior—Why is T. Dyal like a rabbit?
Senior—Because he likes Burrows.

Transitory Fame

We read on many a musty page
The history of a bygone age;
An empires rise; a kingdom's fall;
A man who triumphs over all,
A puppet, that by Fortune's play
Is placed o'er destinies for a day,
Is fawned on, and acclaimed a god.

That self-same fickle populace
That cries its praises to his face
Will wrest from him his regal sway,
His pow'r that lasts but for a day,
That self-same favorite—weary now
Of hollow fame and praise—must bow
To a new vaunted demi-god.

So it is now, as was it then
When men rule o'er their fellowmen
Finding themselves by Fortune's smile
The heads of nations for a while—
Some newer favorite comes to claim
Their favor, and usurp their fame,
And other, and still other, gods.

H. T.



Junior—Why is T. Dyal like a rabbit?
Senior—Because he likes Burrows.

George—You look sweet enough to eat!
Agnes—I do eat, where shall we go?

Pierre Le Grand

Out from Le Grand Bête Noir
 Een early spring we come,
 An' ride de larges' of Trois Rivières
 Wit' w'eesky guns and rum.

An' right away La Longue Brigade
 Aroun' de ben' she swing,
 An' loud an' sweet "Les Voyageurs"
 Put on de air she ring.

An' our t'ree boats dey join de fleet
 An' show Les Traverses Fleurs,
 An' also we join in de song
 Of heureux voyageurs.

An' swifly down Première Rivière
 To Lac du Mort Bateau,
 W'ere Jean Baptiste was eat alive
 By wolf t'ree year ago.

An' den we swing by Tête de Chien,
 An' Pierre le Gran he sing,
 "O ma Louise Ah'm coming me
 Lak fleurs dey come in spring."

"An soon Ah stay wit' you alway
 Ah'm bring Le Père Baptiste
 An' den,"—Sacre! de revaire give
 Hees boat an' awful tweest!

"But he could swim mooch lak a feesh,
 An' t'roo Les Blancs Chevaux,
 He dart an' nevair bump a rock—
 Jus' lak de otter go.

An' he was firs' at Lac La Biche,
 He hadn't any harm;
 An' w'en we see him nex' he's got
 Hees Louise in hees arm.

G. M.

Past Romance

There's a certain little note-book
 With its pages thumbed and torn,
 With its cover all ink-spattered
 And the binding sadly worn,
 Which I keep amongst my treasures
 In a chest behind the door—
 Of course, it's just a note-book,—
 Yet I'm sure it's cherished more
 Than even the pilfered rose I've kept
 And the bit of linen too,—
 Because, upon its foremost page,
 She has written, "I love you."



"What college are you going to?"
 I asked the brightest stude.
 "Oh, any school," he answered,
 "It's a step-down to intrude."

"Harvard offers me a place,
 I'm asked to try Penn State;
 Princeton wants me anyhow,
 And Yale at any rate."

"I think I'll try each one awhile
 And if I'm treated right
 I'll stay and try to help them;
 I'll see, I think I might."



He kissed her on the cheek,
 It seemed a harmless frolic;
 He's been laid up for a week,
 They say, with painter's colic.



BOTH LIT

In the little town of Bethlehem
That old black Joe did shine,
He worked there on the railroad
With that old gang of mine.

He took a cup of kindness once
On comin' thro' the rye,
"I'm mindin' my business," he smilingly said,
"Ah, what a good boy am I."

He liked to row his boat way down
The Swanee River shore;
All through the night he'd row and row
Hence evermore!

When Joe was in the cold, cold ground
How could the old folks tell
That old Polly Wally Doodle
Was hanging in the well?

J. R.

Hi! Sheik Billie!

Now Billie Bumps is seventeen
He thinks he's quite the "cats."
He slicks his hair with candle grease
And wears cocked slouchy hats.
His pants are long and wide and brown
He has a girl in every town,—
His socks are always falling down—
Hi! Sheik Billie!

Now Billie is progressive—
Has a way girls can't resist.
He boasts of several seal rings
And a bracelet on his wrist.
We'll vouch for him he sure can act,—
Locks of hair—a gold compact,
Twenty handkerchiefs,—that's a fact!
Yea! Sheik Billie!

A late boy entered the office once
In a mood beyond his station,
"Hi Ruth! How are you, Ed?" he said.
He earned a long vacation.



A stirring scene

H. Toennies

Ce N'est Pas La Place For Me

Adubato hails from Cedar' Grove
 Charles Schoonmaker aussi
 Et Farro vient de la bonne old town
 No place comme ça for me!

That place se trouve in the Vosgian Hills
 Of New Jersey aux Etats Unis,
 Ou les vaches and the corn and the hayseeds
 croissent.
 Ce n'est pas la place for me!

Les autres choses about that place
 Sont, tres odd, oui, oui,
 Le bureau de poste dans the bakery shop
 No place comme ça for me!

The village gendarme est un husky homme.
 C'est a detective, aussi.
 He tient the court et il compte the votes
 Ce n'est pas la place for me

Les enfants de la public school
 Le promenent en automobile
 De la petite village de Cedar' Grove
 A la Bloomfield, la tres belle ville.

Maintenant my tale is ended
 But encore and again je dit,
 "La plus petite ville de Cedar' Grove,
 Ce n'est pas la place for me."

A Problem

The reason teachers eat so much
 Is figured out this way:
 They pay the price of what they eat,
 But add it up each day.

Then when books are turned in they say
 They fine us as they should;
 But when they get their lunches paid
 They're that much to the good.

The Tippler's Dream

He sat on the stoop of an old saloon
 And bubbled with bibulous glee;
 "It's so funny" he cried. Then he started to croon
 "O, I wish that I knew 'twas me.

"You see, I'd a dream last night," he said—
 "Or maybe I'm dreaming now.—
 "That I was a bovine with stripes of red,
 "A funny, old brindled cow.

"An' that dream was as real as real could be,"
 He chortled then giggled like mad;
 Then he sobered up and he leaned toward me,
 And he said, "This is it my lad:

"You don't know how, and I don't know how,
 "And nobody ever can
 "Tell whether I'm a man who dreamt he was a
 cow,
 "Or a cow dreaming she was a man."

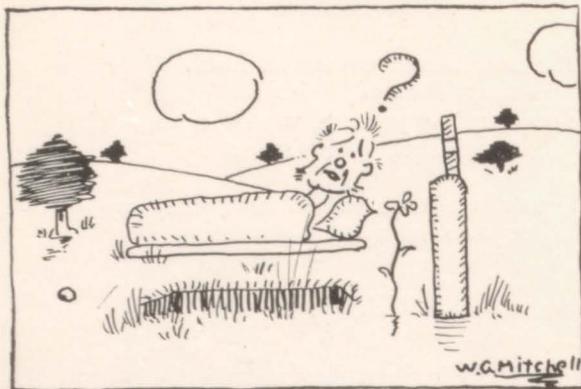
G. M.

Not Allowed

"Do you know where little boys go to who bathe on Sunday?" asked the Sunday School teacher.

"Yes, said one little Arab. "It's farther up the canal side, but you can't go—girls ain't allowed."

An ill-tempered high school student in a fit of anger broke the back off "Caesar," tore the appendix out of "Cicero," and pulled the "Tale of Two Cities."



Before they put
Me in the ground
Please tell me how
Does Puget Sound?



There was a small boy named MacNary
He looked like a molting canary.
Altho he was fat
Why bother 'bout that
Oh boy! He could dance like a fairy.



The teachers are a pleasant lot,
They work us like the deuce;
They won't believe we study,
So we don't—for what's the use?

I'd done my Chem. and Latin
On French I'd written reams;
I'd read P.D. and English, too,
Great Scott! What startling dreams

In P.D. class I work so hard,
There's no one works like me;
I write my name, and under that
Goes Problems of Democracy—
That's all.

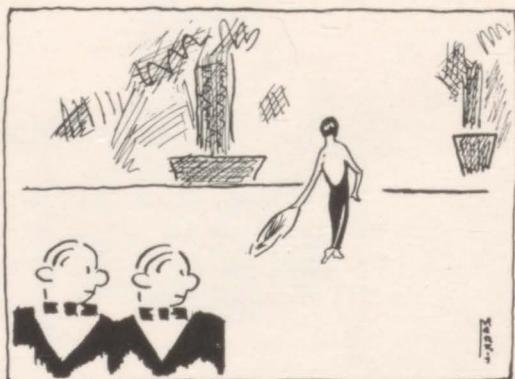
Scores

(To tune of Smiles)

There are scores that make us happy
South Side 13—B. H. S. 16
There are scores that make us blue
Central 21—B. H. S. 0
There are scores that steal away the teardrops
Morris 0—B. H. S. 6
As the sunbeams steal away the dew
East Side 6—B. H. S. 13
But the score that fills our hearts with sunshine
Manual Training 0—B. H. S. 7
Is Montclair 0—Bloomfield Twenty-two
Montclair 6—B. H. S. 0.



Johnny—Mama, I wish I had a little sister.
Mamma—Why do you wish that, dear?
Johnny—'Cause I'm tired of teasin' the cat.



Tip—What do you think of Mary's dress?
Top—It does make you think, doesn't it?

Seniors' List of Definitions

Latin Class—The one room in school where the Senior thinks he is back in Third Grade.

Chem. Lab.—A room with stone-topped desks and water pipes, pervaded by choking fumes and ghastly odors where the Senior burns his fingers, ruins his clothing and runs up a bill for breakage.

Library—The Senior's haven for third period daily. Other times,—a stuffy room lined with books and filled with infants,—a place to keep away from.

Gym.—Where the Senior freezes to death in winter and swelters in summer while endeavoring to make elephantine efforts appear birdlike.

P. D. Class—Where the Senior drapes himself before a flock of smirking imbeciles and tries to convince them (oh horrible endeavor!) that protective tariff is more beneficial than free trade.

Eng. Class—The room where the Senior reveals his hidden talent for acting by reading Cohen's One-Act-Plays haltingly and with an expressionless tone before an enthusiastic audience of bored students.

Poe's—The rendezvous—a musty little place which offers stale sweetmeats and small portions of ice cream but which seems like Paradise to the Senior who visits it during school hours.



The boy mounted the platform. He recited perfectly for a few lines then—he couldn't remember the next word—*he couldn't remember the next word*—(to be continued in our next installment).

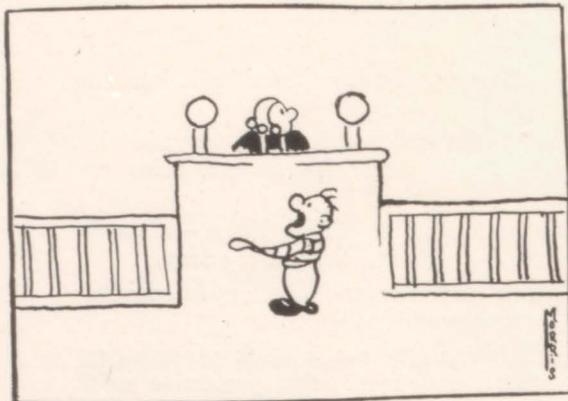
Cock o' the Walk

Of all my mother's children I like myself the best,
I am my only favorite, lots nicer than the rest.
There's no one can compare with me in any sort of way,
Believe me when I tell you, I'm the darling of the day.

I'm a wonder in my school-work and you ought to hear me jazz,
And when it comes to drawing I'm the best the teacher has.
I'm really very handsome, you ought to see me smile,
And say my eyes aren't like the stars? They twinkle all the while.

Sometime I wish you'd watch me dance. I'm absolutely stunning
The way I whirl and waltz around is really very cunning.
The other girls all envy me because I am so cute,
And when they mention it to me I always stay quite mute.

My manner's, don't you understand, are just what they should be,
Though I'm better than the rest of them, I never let them see.
I set them all examples and I show them I'm so sweet
That they can't refrain from saying, "Now, that girl has no conceit."



"Was the prisoner sober?"

"No, drunk as a judge!"

"You mean drunk as a lord."

"Yes, my Lord!"

2

Our Archie in his motor car
Was going fast and going far
Along the ways.

Up spoke the judge with solemn air:
"You are not going anywhere
For thirty days."

2

When you find your Geometry hard,
And Latin, French or English too;
Don't you wish you had a "pard"
With brains enough for both of you?

A Modern Ballad

Oh, New Year's Eve had come around,
And on that merry night, oh,
Two boats lay out in New York Bay,
A'watching for a light, oh!

The skippers moaned both loud and long,
And to their mates the came, oh,
"When will that speed boat come along
And carry in our rum, oh?"

You know a light both clear and bright
Was to have been our sign, oh,
If we don't land the stuff right soon
For profits we will pine, oh."

Just then a light both clear and bright
Was seen by both the twey, oh,
But instead of flashing from the land,
It flashed across the bay, oh.

"Oh I fear, I fear," said both the men,
"Our lucky day is done, oh,
For that light, it was no sign to us,
But a shot from a cutter's gun, oh."

Just then a voice both strong and hoarse,
Was heard by both, and well, oh.
"If you don't show a light you fools,
I'll blow you clean to Hell, oh."

No word was said by either man,
And so the worst did come, oh,
For a shot crashed into both their holds,
And spattered all the rum, oh.

Then both again wailed loud and long,
"Oh why did they do so, oh,
I'm sure that one can plainly see
That's where our profits go, oh."

J. H.

Mr. Crosby—recite the memory work that you were supposed to have learned for to-day.

Student (quoting from Caesar)—Run to your houses, er—mmmm, let's see now,—Pray to the gods to—oh, I remember it now,—Run to your, er—

Mr. Crosby (disgusted)—Run to your house and pray to the gods to intermit the plague that must fall upon your mark.

Marsh-Mist

Down to the misty lowland,
 Hardy and sparing of speech,
 The mountaineers came riding,
 (Oh how softly riding),
 Signaling each to each.

Now with a mouse's squeaking
 And now with a grey wolf's howl;
 And again with the mournful and eerie,
 (Grim and forbodingly eerie),
 The dismal hoot of the owl.

Their rifles were hung in the pack-straps;
 With a tiger's stealthy speed
 They moved down to the lowlands,
 (How dark and still were the lowlands),
 That slept nor had guards to heed.

And now by the pale dim starlight,
 Like the wind they advanced to attack;
 And never a man from the lowlands
 (Ah! silent and still were the lowlands),
 Was girt to drive them back.

And yet! Ere they loosed a volley,
 Ere ever a rifle's note
 Had shattered the silent brooding,
 (The Spirit of Night's dark brooding),
 Each man clutched his gasping throat.

The marshes still deadly gases
 Had silenced each man in his place;
 And the Lowlanders found each at morning,
 (The sun cleared the gases at morning),
 With Death's dread seal on his face.

G. M.

P. D. stands for Pretty Dum,
 It bores us 'most to death;
 We snooze and nod the whole time long,
 It's just a waste of breath.

Life's Little Joke (?)

T'was one balmy day at the ball game
 When a fat man who stretched to see,—
 Sought for a place on the grand stand.
 I asked him to stand with me.

He accepted my invitation
 And heavily climbed to my side;
 O would that I had not asked him.
 My thoughtfulness often I chide.

He puffed, he blew and he rubbed his hands,
 He wielded his elbows like mad,
 Once, just once, he ruined my toe
 By parking the weight that he had.

His thickness of body screened my view,
 The fumes of his pipe made me cough
 And finally, during a touchdown
 In excitement he pushed me off.

Let this be advice to all Freshmen
 Don't do it e'en though you're allowed;
 Guard against possible kindness
 Towards fat men who weep in a crowd.



AIRS FROM B.H.S.
IN 1930



Diner—Do you make any reduction to those in the same business?

Waiter—Why? Are you the proprietor of a restaurant?

Diner—No; I'm a robber.



Cross-words, cross-words,
We hear them every day;
Not only from the puzzle fans,
But—what the teachers say!



A Freshman went home on Wednesday night,
Thinking his homework all just right;
His math was third period, assembly too
So dear little Freshie his math didn't do.
When Thursday came the poor boy moaned—
He found Assembly was postponed.



There is a boy named Archie
His last name you must know,
I think he'd drive that car of his
Through fifteen feet of snow.
Of course he comes to school in it
And other places too,
But you'd better take a look at it
For soon it won't look new.

Tribute to Marcus Cicero

We hail thee, Marcus Tullius,
We bow before thy noble wrath,
No more oppressors sully us;
Thine eloquence has made a path
Right through the ranks of wickedness
And left our holy city, Rome,
The peaceful home of blessedness.
While Catiline is forced to roam
An outcast from the marts of trade
And places where men congregate,
Your speeches do this man upbraid
And force him, sad to contemplate,
Upon the irony of fate.

When he to men declaimed his aim
And promised them a rich reward,
They boasted far and wide his name
And promised to increase his hoard;
But Cicero, that upright man,
Did so invoke a righteous wrath
That Jupiter and Her and Pan
Adorned their might, this man to scathe.
O Cicero, thy silver tongue
Shall never, never, silenced be;
Yet all the time thy praise is sung
We kids are doomed to study thee.

M. A.



Found in a Library Drawer

I wish I were a little rock,
A-sittin' on a hill,
A-doin' nothing all day long
But just a-sittin' still.
I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't sleep,
I wouldn't even wash,
I'd just sit there a thousand years
And rest myself, by gosh!



Mr. Walrath's made a change,
For us it is propitious.
From "Just two things can happen"
To "Caesar was ambitious."

The Love Story

The Lovers	Romeo and Juliet
When they met	Twelfth Night
What happened?	Much A'do About Nothing
Did they marry?	As You Like It
Who was at the wedding?	Two Gentlemen of Verona
Whom did they bring?	The Merry Wives of Windsor
Who performed the marriage?	The Merchant of Venice
What was the message?	Comedy of Errors
What took place?	The Tempest
What followed?	The Taming of the Shrew
What was given?	Measure for Measure
Who was the true husband?	Hamlet
What did the old lover think?	Love's Labor Lost



Circumstantial Evidence

The school board visited school the other day and of course the principal put his pupils through their paces for the benefit of said austere board.

"Henry," he asked turning to one boy, "who signed the Magna Charta?"

"Please, sir, 'twasn't me," whimpered Henry.

The teacher in disgust, told the boy to sit down, but old Jed Smith, Chairman of the Board, was not satisfied. Fixing upon the teacher a severe look, he said, "Call back that boy. I don't like his manner. I believe he did do it."



"I take up Chinese, Spanish, German, Italian, French—

"Oh, you're a linguist aren't you?"

"No! I'm the elevator boy"

As Others See Our Annual

"I'd walk a mile for it"—Camel.
 (Why walk a mile?—We have it.)
 "Before and after every meal."—Wrigley.
 "Take one to bed with you each night."—Smith Bros.
 "Irresistible."—Monsieur Djer Kiss.
 "Such popularity must be deserved."—Chesterfield.
 "Aids Digestion."—Bell-ans.
 "Get it on the instalment plan."—Henry Ford.
 "Read it and be popular over night."—Arthur Murray.
 "Give her one for Christmas."—Tiffany.
 "Ask Dad, he knows."—Sweet Caporal.
 "Every picture tells a story."—Doans.
 "Ask the man who owns one."—Packard.
 "Stops aches and pains."—Sloan.
 "It costs no more."—Kelly-Springfield.
 "No yearly model, but better each time."—Dodge Bros.
 "Children cry for it."—Castoria.

From the Annual Board

'Twould make our schoolmates blush to see
 The material we refuse,
 To compare the pile we cast away
 To the little that we choose.

Not that we're mean or harsh—(not we!)
 We hate to "pass the buck,"
 But we hope succeeding Annual Boards
 Will have the same hard luck.

Contributors to Annual

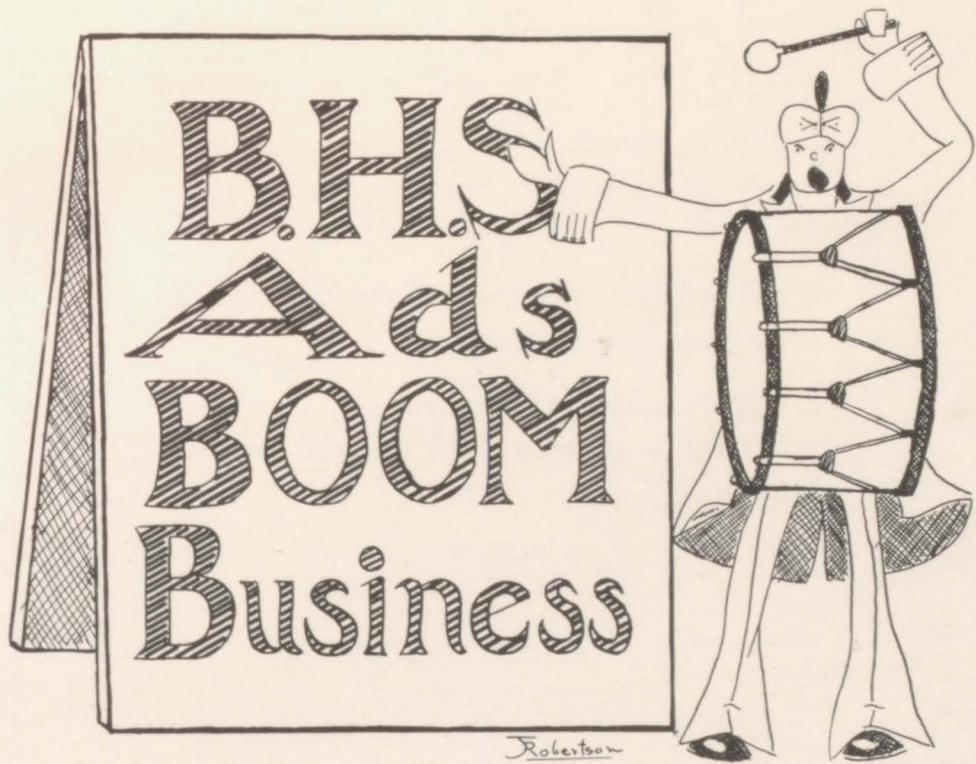
James Robertson	Harriet Todd
Helen Toennies	Doris Berger
Evelyn Morris	Jean Egan
Marian Audsley	Virginia Roake
William Mitchell	Gordon Murray
Kathleen Riggs	Ford Bogart
Dora Lubin*	Mildred Adler
James Howard	James Hampton
Marie Schieferly	George Heath

We also extend our thanks to those who handed in minor contributions.

* Special thanks to Dora Lubin, a former student of B. H. S.

AUTOGRAPHS

1893



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it only proves that the next one can be better
yet.

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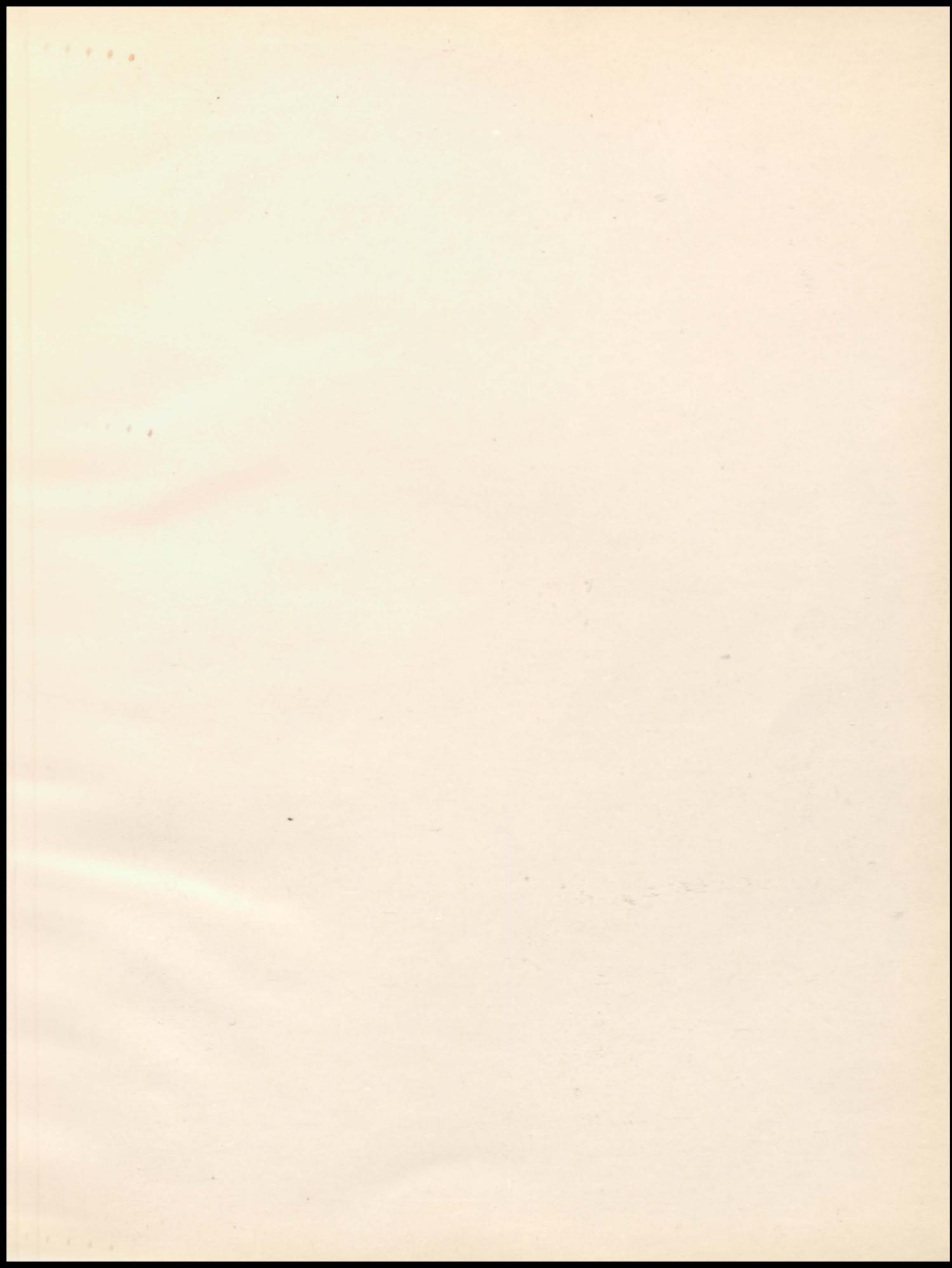
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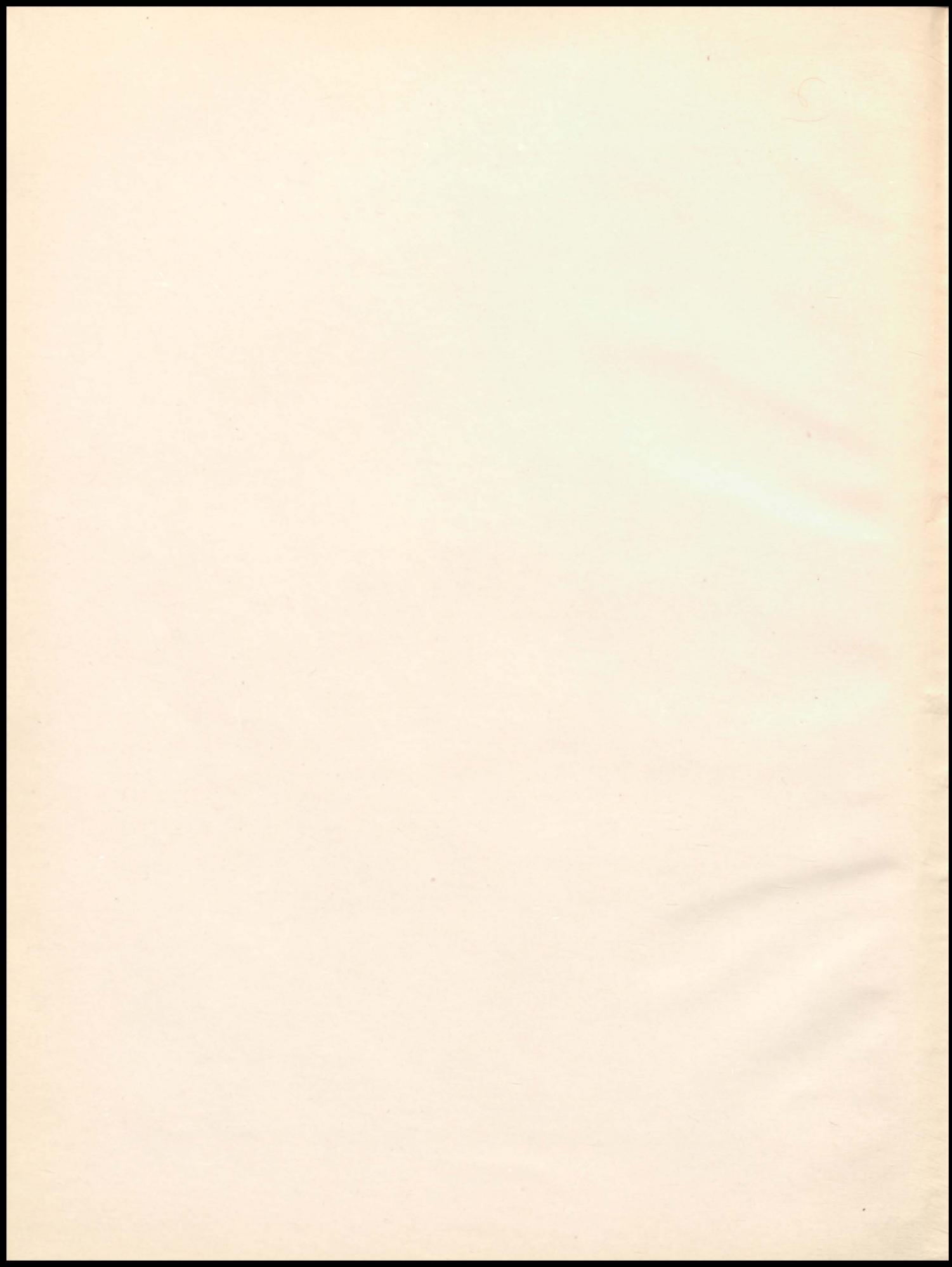
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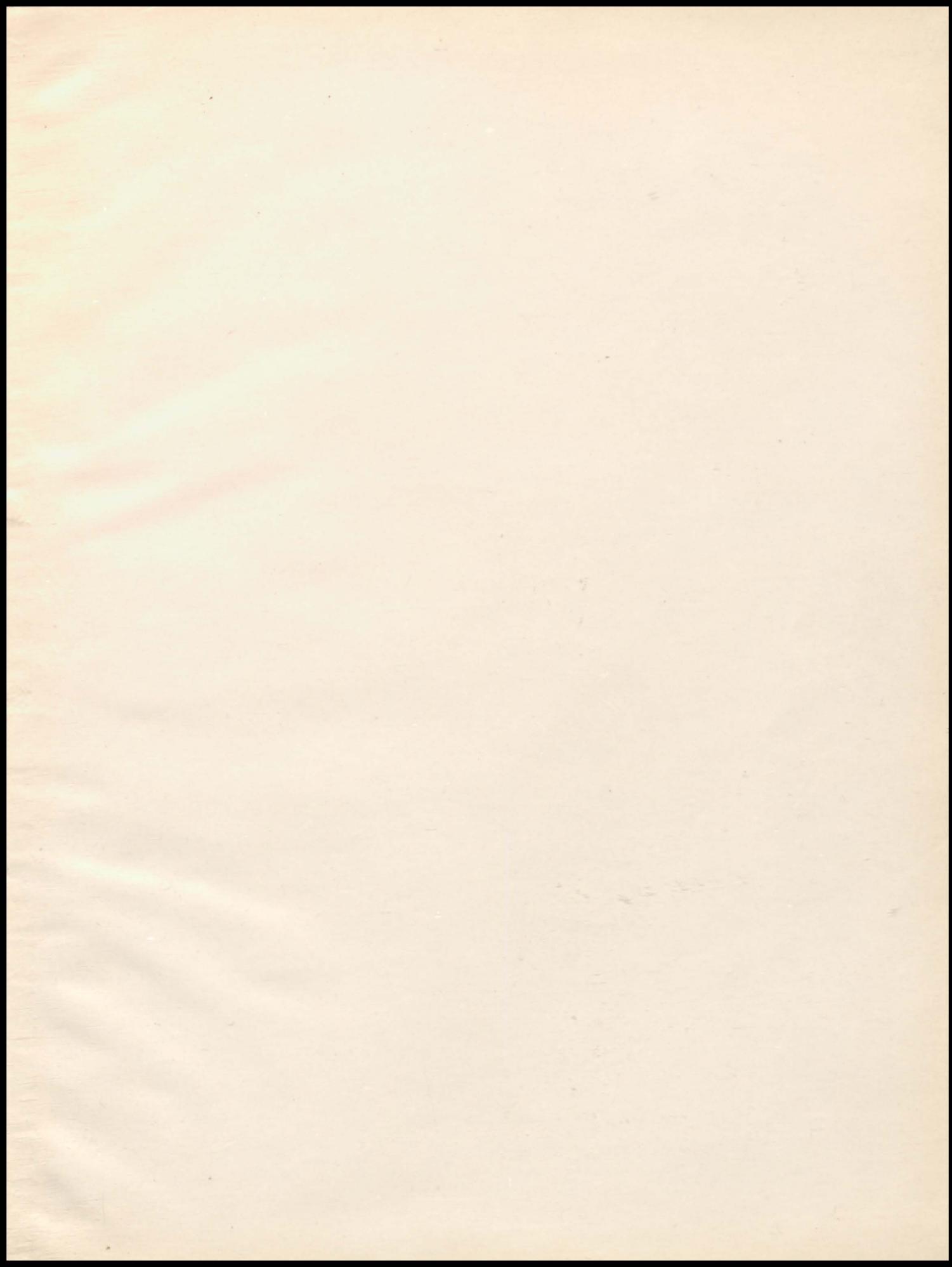
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